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AN EDITORIAL:
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NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Reflections on the Failure of Proposition #1

by

Ronald Reagan

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF LEO STRAUSS:

Walter Berns, Herbert Storing,
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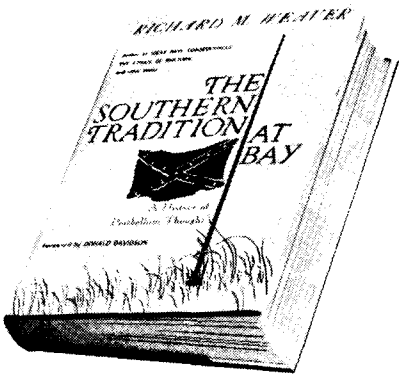

Why? Why do they hate the South? Does George Wallace represent the South? Or the New Breed of Southern Republicans? Or the new Negro voters in the South? Indeed, do *any* of them, alone, represent the South and its traditions? Just what *is* the Southern tradition?

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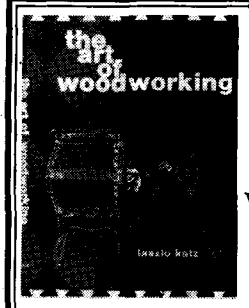

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV, No. 49 DECEMBER 7, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Eight years ago *NR* engaged a crypto-correspondent in California to do a feature-length article on the possibilities of reducing the personal income tax. The assignment required our correspondent to abandon his customary habits and seek, twice, the top executive position in the state's governmental apparatus. Thousands of staffers tirelessly lent their aid over the years and millions of dollars were expended on the project, far more we note, but not without chagrin, than the maximum allowed by the appropriate federal guidelines for the production of a single magazine article. Last week, moments before the deadline for this issue, his report arrived, in the form of a 13-foot, 4-inch telegram, and we take great pride in publishing here the report by our friend and correspondent—now surfaced but considering another assignment —the Governor of California, **Ronald Reagan**. . . . It seems at least providential—in not exactly its approbative sense—that Ludwig von Mises and Leo Strauss should die in the same month. But they gave us their students, four of whom here consider Leo Strauss, one of this generation's great conservative thinkers. Professors **Berns** and **Jaffa** have appeared recently in *NR*; **Herbert J. Storing** is professor of political science at the University of Chicago; **Werner J. Dannhauser** is associate professor of government at Cornell. On account of mail service so inefficient it has to be experienced not to be believed, the articles had to be phoned in to *NR* by Professor Berns and recorded for typing. The checking and rechecking of innumerable garbles (our sympathies, while we're at it, to Judge Sirica) made it an unusually hectic week. Professor Berns, incidentally, on one leg of his journey back from Strauss's funeral, found it necessary to proceed by rented car. He and two colleagues were unable to get the car started because of the new fandangled seatbelt system. After much fiddling the three got out of the car and closed the doors, *after* rolling down the driver's window. Whereupon Berns, standing on terra firma, reached in through the open window and started the car, at which point they all jumped in and sped off (pre-fuel crisis), glowing, no doubt, at having outwitted Big Brother—ah, such are the joys of the welfare state.

—DO

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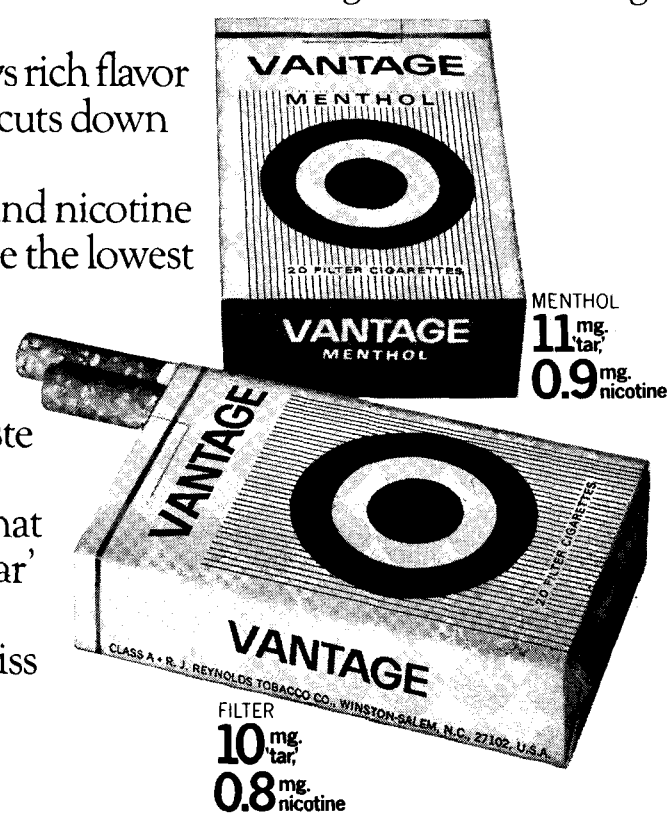

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Letters

You Can't Go Home Again

I can see why Francis Russell is down and out about Dorchester ["Living and Dying in Boston," Nov. 23], but I hope he's not really serious about never going back. I grew up in Weston, Massachusetts on a piece of land a portion of which is now covered by *both* Route 128 *and* the Massachusetts Turnpike. Another part is a housing development—in time will it become a slum? Still, I go back, though the pain is keen. But I go back to see how the world's coming along, and I guess I will till I die.

Greenwich, Conn. FRANCIS SEWELL

Doesn't Francis Russell ever write about *anything* except Boston?

Quincy, Mass. CAROLINE ABBOTT

Nostra Culpa

I want to thank you for publishing my article "A Proposal to Halt Inflation" [Nov. 23], but lest the economic community think I have gone off my rocker I would like to point out that in the sentence, "If instituted simultaneously over the country at large in order to stop the inflation, basic wages (before profit sharing) would need to start at the present levels, so that no economic contraction should occur," the key word "no" was omitted.

New York, N.Y. MILDRED ADAMS

Nixon

I don't know how Watergate is affecting *NR*'s reception by the public these days, but I find myself looking forward more eagerly than ever to getting my copy. I feel very keenly the desire to compare my impressions with yours, since, as a conservative, I feel myself being tugged in several different directions at once. So far, you haven't disappointed.

Dallas, Tex. BILL MURCHISON

Your editorial "Where Do We Go from Here?" [Nov. 9] should make news and rejoice the liberal-radical crowd leading the mob against President Nixon. It could become your most widely quoted piece since the marijuana article. The last paragraph would of course be ignored.

I think you are right in assuming that Richard Nixon is a devoted patriot who would do what he believes to be best for the country he loves. But why do you think it would be good for the country for Nixon to become the second President to be toppled by a mob? How would this heal the "grievous wound"?

The fall of Johnson did not appease the mob. Toppling Nixon would, I believe, increase their arrogance and confidence. Any successor to Nixon would be respected as long as he did their will, but not a day longer.

Easton, Conn. HENRY R. FULLER

Calling for Nixon's resignation did not require great moral courage, as you might think; rather it was an act of extreme cowardice. Playing it safe, running with the pack. It is fitting that you now find yourself in the same company as the editors of the *New York Times.*

What are Mr. Nixon's sins? That he spied on the Democratic Party and then tried to cover it up. Compare this with the sins of the last four Democratic Presidents.

I pray that Mr. Nixon does not resign. When the vote for impeachment comes, if it does, each member of Congress will appear on the television screens all over America. Perhaps then the American people will come to realize as they watch those faces on the screen that most of them would not survive investigations such as Mr. Nixon is now undergoing. The impact of that realization on their minds would vindicate Mr. Nixon, regardless of the outcome of the vote.

Palisade Park, N.J. JACK PICURRO

Neither Mr. Buckley nor NATIONAL REVIEW *has "called for" President Nixon's resignation. We have said that it seems more likely now than it seemed this summer that he might resign, if certain things happen and certain other things do not happen by the end of the year. That is not the same thing as "predicting" his resignation; it is certainly not the same thing as "calling for" it.* *(See "On the Right," p. 1374.)*

—ED.

The tipoff on Nixon came some years ago when he was beaten in his bid for the California governorship, and bade farewell to politics. The final farewell of a mettle-

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1973. Washington Bureau and Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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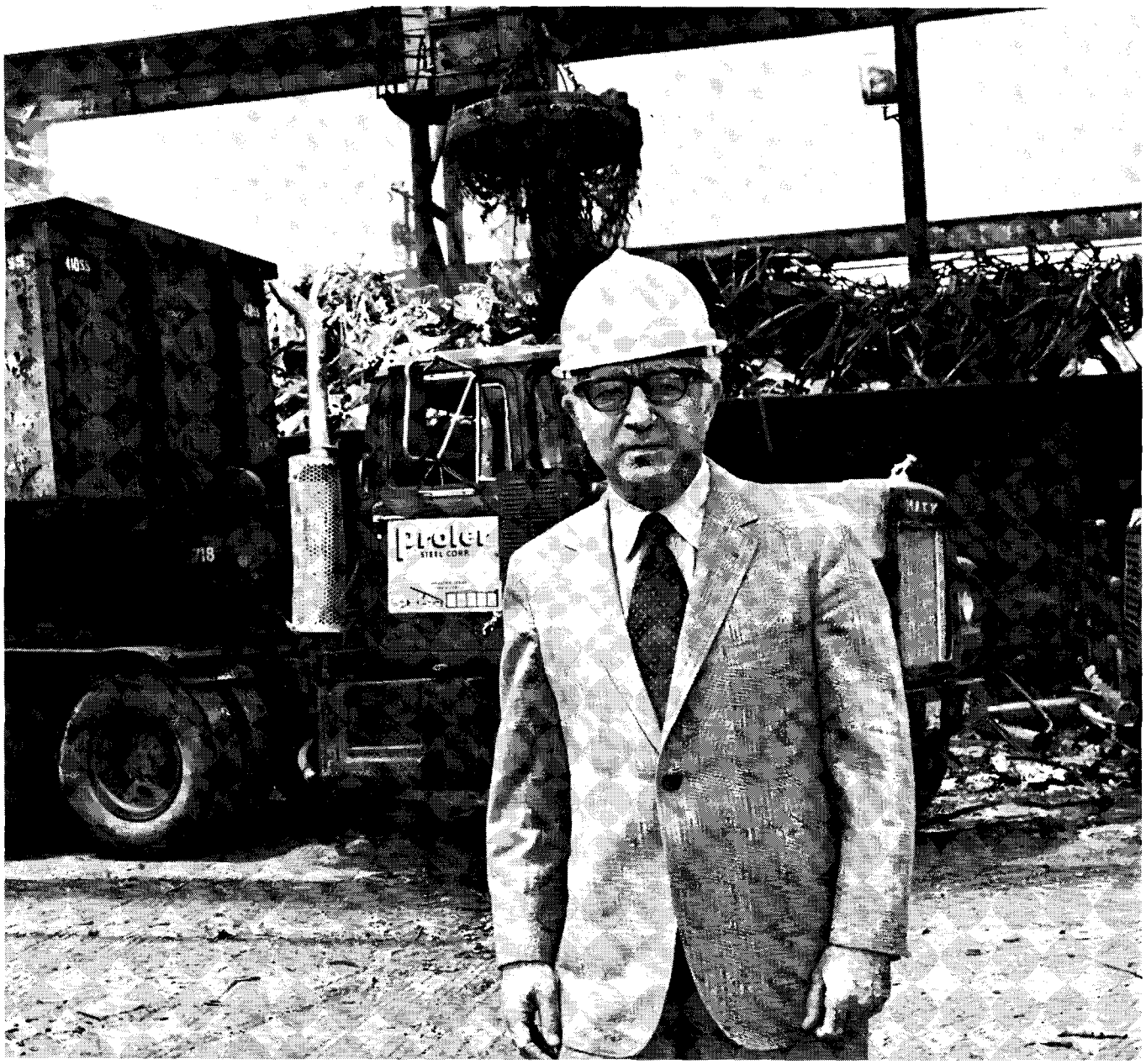

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some fighter calls for panache, for the gesture of defiance, of unbroken spirit: Cicero ailing and old, tracked down by his pursuers, canting his neck for the centurion's swordstroke with "Is this the official angle?" . . . Charles on the scaffold tendering a gratuity to the headsman with the axe: "A little something for your trouble." . . . Socrates thanking the jury that had condemned him, uttering that noblest of all farewells with—if you will suffer my translation—its lovely dying fall: "Now we go our separate ways: you to life, and I to death; and which of us has chosen the better part, God alone knows."

Though it was not a matter of physical life and death, Nixon was saluting—as he saw it at the time—the death of his ambitions, the doom of his lifework. He stood before the newsmen, whom he blamed for his defeat. He could have tendered them on a lower level the smooth oral equivalent of a sprig of mistletoe above his coattails, or on a higher one have offered a wry personal variant of the gladiator's *te morituri*. He could even—the ultimate riposte—have ignored them. He did none of these. He merely reminded them peevishly that now they would no longer have him to kick around. Facing his enemies, ablaze as he must have been with anger and resentment, the best he could manage was to whine.

Worthington, Mass. F. P. GRADY

Brudnoy's Reply

Carol Jackson ["Letters," Nov. 9] misunderstands my reaction to *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Godspell*. *Superstar* does not *deny* Divine love; rather, it emphasizes human love. It stresses *one* facet of the Christian message, and does so effectively, beautifully, powerfully—and, let it be noted, influentially among those, largely kids, who do not exactly thrill to the more difficult message of mature Christianity. *Godspell*, on the other hand, earned my dislike, despite its emphasis on Biblical origins, because of its cinematic realization, which was jejune. The "tedious weightlessness" of which I wrote was the film's, not the parables' and Bible stories' that Miss Jackson mentions. Serious film criticism does not rest, in the end, on our enthusiasm or lack of enthusiasm for the *message*, but rather on our evaluation of the results qua film. I repeat: *Superstar* is a splendid film whereas *Godspell* is silly.

Boston, Mass. DAVID BRUDNOY

A Powerful Tool

James J. Kilpatrick ["This Much at Least: The Court," Sept. 28] was right to concentrate so much on the Court's decisions on rights of the accused. It is possibly a much bigger issue than most people realize, as is illustrated by a conversation I held with a coworker whom I found to be very skeptical about the outcome of a drug raid in our county. He said essentially that the raid would make no difference because all of the pushers would be free the next day on some technicality, e.g., illegal search. He also indicated everyone where he lives knows who is pushing drugs, which could be procured any time someone wished.

What is going on suddenly occurred to me. Nowadays, if he wishes to qualify for a payoff, a policeman need no longer look bad by not arresting a criminal, he need only commit some subtle technical mistake in the procedure of arresting. Under the new scheme, collusion is less obvious, while the end result is the same. Thus, it appears the Warren Court decisions on criminal cases have not simply protected individual rights in some absolute ideological sense, but have concurrently given the criminal and his cohorts a powerful tool with which to perpetrate their crimes.

Little Silver, N.J. DAVID A. GRAY

Agnew: Ave atque Vale

What a wonderful relief to read something good and understanding about Mr. Agnew ["The Week," Oct. 26]. I cannot see how anyone can automatically assume that Mr. Agnew was guilty without ever hearing any of the evidence. Also to me *nolo contendere* means nothing—sometimes it is impossible and wholly unreasonable to try to defend oneself the way our justice system (or lack of it) works.

I too think that Mr. Agnew did lots of good and had lots of good ideas, and even if he may have strayed from some of them (who hasn't?), they are still good ideas.

Needles, Calif. BEULAH NOTLEY

Thank you for your comments on Spiro Agnew ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 9].

The Agnew case has at least two lessons that I, as a history teacher, can impart to my students. First, Agnew's statements on the media—as evidenced by Joseph Keeley's book *The Left-Leaning Antenna* and John R. Coyne's book *The Impudent Snobs*—and other issues may still have validity despite his apparent moral arrogance. Agnew's espousal of solid conservative principles does not invalidate them because he happens to be corrupt. While Vice President, Agnew did make conservative points which had the ring of truth for a majority of Americans.

The stab-in-the-back theory now being circulated by McGovernites—that GOP corruption, i.e., Agnew and Watergate, "stole" the election—is nonsense. The public, in fact, was more in tune with moderate-conservative ideas than the unrealistic utopian leftism of McGovern.

Second, the courts, prosecutors, and the government on all levels performed their constitutional duties without suppression. No right-wing cabal held them back. No GOP conspiracy has prevented investigations of some crooked Republicans. I see no bankruptcy in Republicanism or conservatism nor do I see it in our court system.

Long Beach, Calif. KENNETH G. KOONS

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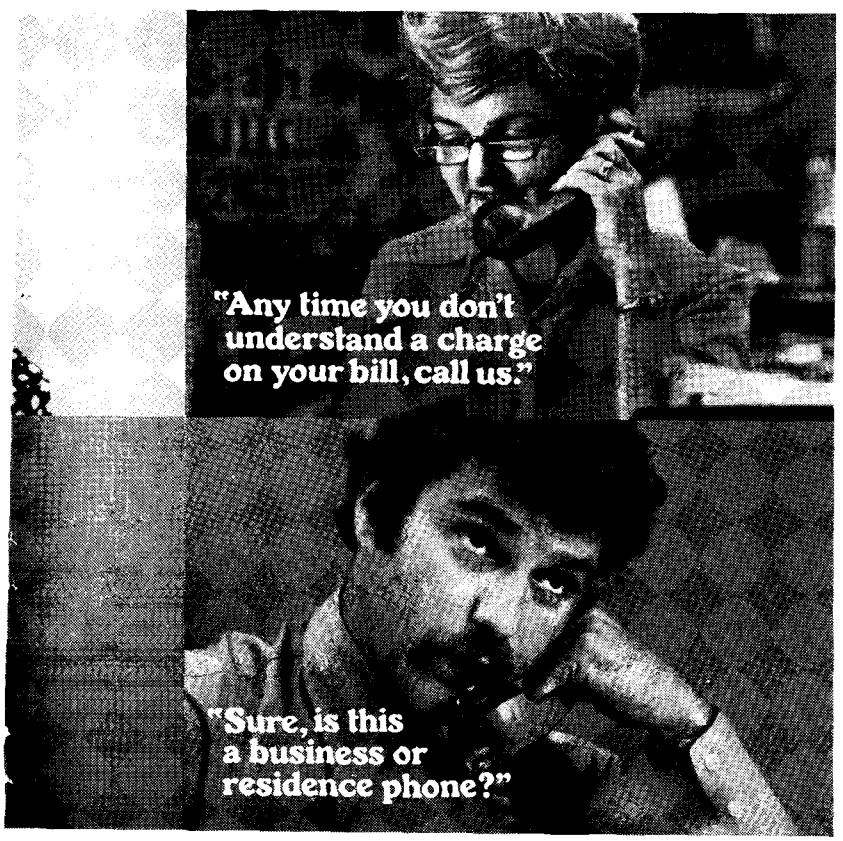

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Both resign and impeach pressures easing. Democratic National Chairman **Robert Strauss** says Democratic leaders in Congress are right not to press for impeachment because "if we impeached a President on narrow partisan lines, it would be bad for the country." . . . **Barry Goldwater**, in Los Angeles, has urged the press "to cool it." "There's no sensible reason for him [Nixon] to resign—he's not guilty of anything . . . so we're going to have to live with him." . . . *Christian Science Monitor*, having polled 193 congressmen and 32 senators, concludes **Nixon** will not be impeached (the votes aren't there), but adds that he will remain severely handicapped by Watergate. . . . An **American Conservative Union** poll of its forty thousand members shows them overwhelmingly against either impeachment or resignation. Should Nixon resign? No, 89 per cent; yes, 6 per cent. Should Nixon be impeached? No, 90 per cent; yes, 2 per cent. Should conservatives in Congress actively oppose impeachment? Yes, 86 per cent; no, 9 per cent. . . . How badly has Watergate hurt the Party? Very badly, Dr. **George Gallup** told the Republican governors in Memphis, Tennessee, and it would be "wishful thinking" to believe otherwise post Nov. 6. Gallup says fewer Americans say they will vote Republican today than at any time since he started polling in 1935. . . . Which the latest **Harris** poll confirms. Harris finds only 25 per cent of the voters listing themselves as Republican as against 32 per cent in 1968 when Nixon was elected.

■ Watergate may not be the whole answer, but Republican politicians are showing themselves wary of running for office these days. 1) National Chairman **George Bush** says he won't run against Texas Gov. **Dolph Briscoe** next year, despite urging by White House circles and **John Connally**, 2) Missouri Attorney General **John Danforth**, who came within a whisker of defeating **Stuart Symington** for the Senate in '70, has opted out of the race against Sen. **Thomas Eagleton** next year, and 3) moderate Republican Rep. **John Anderson**, who had made noises about opposing **Adlai Stevenson** in Illinois, now admits "the specter of Watergate" has

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"If this is 'The Year of Europe,' the sooner it's over the better!"

cooled those ambitions. . . . Not at all well taken in the White House, a letter sent out by **Charles Percy**'s Exploratory Committee to Ohio bigwigs soliciting their support for '76. The letter, signed by **Milton Eisenhower**, says what the nation will be needing in its next President is a man "of absolute integrity, moral leadership . . . a leader the people believe in."

■ About Chile: The Rev. Rep. **Robert Drinan SJ** (D., Mass.) is introducing legislation to allow fifty thousand Chileans into the U.S. as political refugees. . . . Certain Latin American states, prominent among them **Argentina** and **Venezuela**, while accepting most of the Allendistas are, according to the *Militant*, putting them through rigorous interrogation for fear the new arrivals will engage in the same kind of revolutionary activity that got them thrown out of Chile. . . . Incidentally, the code name the **Chilean junta** used for the anti-Allende coup was "Operation Jakarta," in obvious reference to the Indonesian counterrevolution that toppled **Sukarno** and his Communist allies in the Sixties. . . . Making its rounds in international Left circles is a filmed interview **Allende** gave to **Régis Debray**, the French revolutionary journalist captured with **Che Guevara** in Bolivia. In it, Allende told Debray he would never use force against extremists of the Left even when he thought their seizures of land and businesses were "counterproductive" to his socialist revolution.

■ The War and the Shortages: As of Nov. 15, the **Pentagon** reported the Arab boycott had cut defense supplies in half. . . . A poll in *l'Express* shows 65 per cent of **Frenchmen** believe Common Market countries should bail out the **Netherlands** even if it means risking their own oil supplies. . . . **Taiwan** is considering allowing pedicabs back on the streets of Taipei as a gasoline-saving measure. . . . **Kenya**'s Minister of Tourism and Wildlife has suddenly realized that higher fuel costs and consequently higher airline fares may cut into Kenya's booming photographic and wild game safaris. . . . If Europe is short of fuel, the London *Times* points out, **Arab airliners** transiting the Continent may not be able to refuel there. . . . **Golda Meir**, according to a Reuter report from Tel Aviv, is sending Richard Nixon a grand Christmas present: two mint-condition late-model Soviet T-62 tanks. . . . And **Jean-Paul Sartre** has, rather surprisingly, come out on the Israeli side in the latest fighting, but only because, he says, it was "the bourgeoisie" in Egypt and Syria that started the war because they "hoped to profit by it."

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Restrictions on foreign expansion and repeal of tax credits could inhibit future growth of U.S. economy.

Some of the profits, of course, accrue here as an important contribution to the U.S. balance of payments.

Restrictions on foreign expansion, the transfer of technology, and the repeal of tax credits for payment of foreign income taxes could seriously inhibit multinational companies' contributions to U.S. economic growth.

This could reduce earnings, especially those funds for research and development and domestic expansion—from which spring new products and new jobs. Not to mention increased exports.

So if our nation takes the position that growing companies like ours are today, in effect, exporting jobs—something we would never condone—there may one day be a lot more 18-year-olds than there are jobs for them.

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THE WEEK

■ CUI BONO? DEPT.: Chou En-lai told Henry Kissinger that although he doesn't smoke himself, he encourages the habit because "it brings the government income." . . . And looking back on JFK, *Newsweek*'s Richard Boeth remarks, "It is arguable whether the Peace Corps did that much good for the natives of Ghana or Paraguay, but it undoubtedly did beautiful things for the Peace Corpsmen themselves."

■ The House leadership opted for a ten-day Thanksgiving recess despite the urging by a group of younger Republican congressmen that, given the press of business, they should stay in session through Thanksgiving Wednesday. To Democratic Representative Fortney Stark (Calif.) the motives of the young Republicans were perfectly clear. "If we were Republicans, we wouldn't want to go home either."

■ After months of leaks, the Watergate Committee has finally clamped down. Samuel Dash has suspended Scott Armstrong, a committee investigator, because he leaked material to *Rolling Stone*. The article that upset Dash quoted a "majority staffer" who named two staff lawyers as "incompetent" and said that the committee's chief counsel, Mr. Dash, was an "egomaniac." Explaining the suspension, Mr. Dash said the article has "had a tremendous impact on the morale of the staff." That kind of leak just has to be stopped.

■ The railroad industry has been so long encumbered by union featherbedding and government regulation that Congress now faces the urgent problem of how to undo its previous mistakes—without, of course, stepping on the toes of either the unions or the regulators. The Interstate Commerce Commission has left the railroad industry operating at about half of capacity by obstructing the abandonment of uneconomic lines and restricting diversification. ICC rate structures prevent barge, truck, and rail carriers from specializing in what they do best, and both safety and rate regulations are biased against switching to integral trains—which would minimize cargo damage due to coupling impact. The resulting idleness in railroad plant and misallocation between truck and rail involve a waste of around $5 billion a year—as economist George Hilton demonstrated in a recent paper for the Joint Economic Committee. None of the transportation proposals before Congress gets much beyond the nostrum of combining six rails into one unwieldy target for strikers, and providing tax money to ease the pain of removing or maintaining excess workers and excess facilities. The implicit theory is that so long as we provide airlines and truckers with subsidized airports and highways, we might as well even up the spoils. But the labor legislation and regulatory authority that led to all these transportation subsidies are to remain intact, to haunt us on some later Halloween.

■ If you're having trouble latching on to that grant or fellowship you need to finance your study of the development of bathing beaches on the Algarve coast or your monograph on champagne as a status symbol, Mss. Mary Beth Shea and Mary Emmons should be just the people you're looking for. If you can come up with $250 seed money, the computers serving their Funding Sources Clearinghouse, Inc. will search through their data on the fifty thousand public and governmental grant programs and print out the ones down your alley. And FSC will throw in as a bonus their monthly digest, *Grants Daily Monitor*, that will keep you up to date on the latest grant offers.

■ When the Alaskan pipeline bill was finally signed, it carried several dubious riders designed to increase the meddling potential of the Federal Trade Commission. The riders would give the FTC the authority to collect market-concentration data, send its own lawyers to court on antitrust cases, impose $10,000 fines, and seek injunctions against "unfair" business practices before issuing a complaint. Even those who adhere stubbornly to what D. T. Armentano terms *The Myths of Antitrust* should have doubts about expanding the FTC's role in this area. The Nader report on antitrust, for example, says "the FTC has never effectively defined its objectives, nor given the economist . . . more than a minor role in any planning efforts." The FTC's 1914 mandate almost invited businessmen to enlist the FTC against low-priced rivals ("unfair methods of competition"). It is not the fairness but the effectiveness of competition that should concern us, and the FTC's evident misunderstanding of the latter doesn't warrant this vote of confidence.

■ The House voted to increase Social Security benefits by another 11 per cent, on top of the 20 per cent election year boost, ostensibly to "reflect the rise in living costs." Yet benefits rose almost three times faster than

Something's Gotta Give

I grant you Golda's quite a goil,
But Singapore won't sell us oil;
Which means, because it runs on erl,
The Seventh Fleet falls back on Pearl.
But Pearl itself is running low
Because the Arabs stopped the flow.
And though I certainly agree
They can't push Golda in the sea,
Unless we trade at their bazaar,
You might as well garage your car.

W. H. VON DREELE

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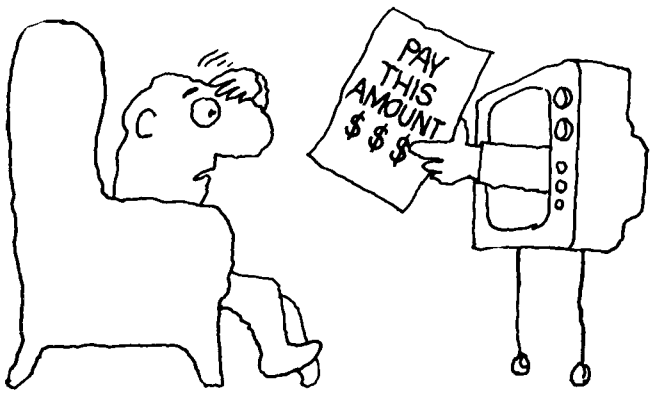
The last thing you need for the holidays is a bill for television programs you now get free.



Television's bag of winter attractions offers many hours of rewarding viewing. For every member of the family.

In December and January, for example, you'll see Katharine Hepburn in Tennessee Williams's *Glass Menagerie*. A new musical version of *Miracle on 34th Street*. A report on a national problem—*Colleges and the Middle Class*. As well as a stocking full of new and traditional programs for children.

And the nicest thing about all this is that you won't get a bill for it at the end of each month. Not this season, at least.

But recent hearings in Washington could mean that you'll have to pay for some of the programs you now get free. Unless Congress and the Federal Communications Commission act to protect you.

Here are just some of the free ways your family can have a merry, thoughtful, entertaining and educational holiday.

The People of "People's China." Life in Red China. Saturday, Dec. 1 (9-10 pm).

Marshall Efron's Illustrated, Simplified and Painless Sunday School. 7-part series teaches religious values entertainingly. Sundays, Dec. 2, 9, 16; Jan. 6, 13 (10:30-11 am).

The Black Arrow. Robert L. Stevenson novel animated. Sunday, Dec. 2 (5-6 pm).

The Killer Instinct. Primal Man—Examines man's aggressive instincts. Sunday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical version starring Eleanor Parker, Cyril Ritchard, Richard Basehart. Tuesday, Dec. 4 (8-10 pm).

The Many Faces of Comedy. Traces origins and varied manifestations of humor. Alan King, Milton Berle, Totie Fields, others. Tuesday, Dec. 4 (10-11 pm).

The House Without a Christmas Tree. Story of 10-year-old girl's first yule tree, with Jason Robards, Mildred Natwick, Lisa Lucas. Thursday, Dec. 6 (8:30-10 pm).

The Corporation. CBS Reports—The American corporation: how it thinks, works and influences its people. Thursday, Dec. 6 (10-11 pm).

The Homecoming: A Christmas Story. Earl Hamner's story of Walton family, starring Patricia Neal, Richard Thomas. Friday, Dec. 7 (9-11 pm).

What's the Supreme Court All About? Documentary for young viewers. Saturday, Dec. 8 (12-12:30 pm).

A Very Merry Cricket. Animated cricket startles New York with a special talent. Friday, Dec. 14 (8-8:30 pm).

The Borrowers. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Fantasy about tiny people who borrow things for their own use. Stars Tammy Grimes, Eddie Albert, Judith Anderson. Friday, Dec. 14 (8:30-10 pm).

Miracle on 34th Street. Musical version of classic film, starring Jane Alexander, David Hartman, Sebastian Cabot. Friday, Dec. 14 (9-11 pm).

Portrait: Legend in Granite. Ernest Borgnine as Coach Vince Lombardi, with Colleen Dewhurst as his wife. Friday, Dec. 14 (10-11 pm).

Hanukkah. Eternal Light—Author Chaim Potok. Sunday, Dec. 16 (12-12:30 pm).

A Child's Christmas in Wales. Dramatization of Dylan Thomas's poetic recollections in visual language by National Theatre of the Deaf. Michael Redgrave narrates. Sunday, Dec. 16 (6-7 pm).

The Glass Menagerie. Tennessee Williams's play, starring Katharine Hepburn. Sunday, Dec. 16 (8:30-10:30 pm).

Colleges and the Middle Class. Problems of middle class in paying for college education. Sunday, Dec. 16 (10-11 pm).

The Bear Who Slept Through Christmas. Instead of hibernating, a cub searches for Christmas. Voices of Tom Smothers, Barbara Feldon, Arte Johnson. Monday, Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm).

I Heard the Owl Call My Name. GE Theater —Anglican priest is sent to remote Canadian Indian village. Stars Tom Courtenay, Dean Jagger. Tuesday, Dec. 18 (9:30-11 pm.)

A Doll's House. Ibsen's classic domestic drama starring Jane Fonda, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, Edward Fox, David Warner. Sunday, Dec. 23 (8:30-10:30 pm).

A Christmas Dream. Inspirational tale of minister who takes over foundering church. Starring Hari Rhodes, Beah Richards. Monday, Dec. 24 (9-11 pm).

The Rockefellers. CBS News Special—In-depth view of the dynasty. Friday, Dec. 28 (9-11 pm).

F. Scott Fitzgerald and "The Last of the Belles." Biography of the author combined with one of his short stories, starring Richard Chamberlain, Blythe Danner. Monday, Jan. 7 (9-11 pm).

Journey to the Outer Limits. National Geographic Society—Outward Bound survival school students on expedition in Peru. Thursday, Jan. 10 (8-9 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Based on book, "The 18th Emergency," about young boy coping with bully. Wednesday, Jan. 16 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Trial by Wilderness. Five young adults on African expedition learn about protecting our environment. Thursday, Jan. 17 (8-9 pm).

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman. A black woman's lifetime fight for her race. Cicely Tyson. Wednesday, Jan. 23 (8-10 pm).

Traditional Holiday Fare. A Charlie Brown Christmas, Thursday, Dec. 6 (8-8:30 pm); Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Friday, Dec. 7 (8-9 pm); Dickens's A Christmas Carol, Saturday, Dec. 8 (4-5 pm); The Little Drummer Boy, Sunday, Dec. 9 (7:30-8 pm); How the Grinch Stole Christmas, Monday, Dec. 10 (8-8:30 pm); Frosty the Snowman, Monday, Dec. 10 (8:30-9 pm); A Christmas Carol, narrated by Michael Redgrave, Friday, Dec. 14 (8:30-9 pm); The Night the Animals Talked, Tuesday, Dec. 15 (8-8:30 pm).

Bowl Games for Football Fans. Gator, Dec. 29; Sugar, Dec. 31; Rose, Orange, Cotton, Jan. 1; Super, Jan. 13.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Closer Look.

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency +4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make A Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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living costs even before 1972, increasing 50 per cent in real terms from 1960 to 1971. The Social Security tax accounts for twice as large a portion of federal revenue as it did only a decade ago. The maximum tax—matched by employers, who presumably shift the burden through lower wages or higher prices—has risen from $45 in 1950 to $772 (next year) on the first $13,200 of employment income. Over $3 billion in Social Security taxes are collected from the working poor. "It is ironic," wrote John Brittain in a Brookings Institution study, "that, although there is a declared war against poverty, the fastest-growing tax should be levied on employment income without exemptions for families in poverty."

■ An agreement among major central banks frees them to sell gold on the open market, which could drive down the price of gold even more rapidly than inflation drives it up. The move makes it official that foreigners will have to accept dollars, on the same variable basis that U.S. citizens do, for the goods they buy. If foreign dollar-holders want to swap them for gold, they will have to pay the market price (Fort Knox just became richer by $14 billion). With the link between legal tender and gold so completely severed, there is no excuse left, if there ever was one, for prohibiting Americans from owning and trading gold.

■ A portion of the campaign spending law of 1971 has been struck down as unconstitutional. The law placed a limit on the amount a candidate can spend on advertisements but places on the newspapers the burden of seeing to it that the candidates who may be helped by the ad have not overspent their allotment. The court said only that the implementation of the law—the prior restraint that the newspapers must exercise—was unconstitutional, not the limiting aspect of the law. The larger issue has yet to be tested: whether an individual or group that feels so strongly about its point of view that it is willing to spend any sum to get its message to the electorate can be prohibited from doing so.

■ You've got to sip this to taste the full flavor. The Uniformed Firefighters Association (UFA), the union of New York's firemen, was dissatisfied with the contract the city had offered. New York firemen had never gone on strike in the city's history. A strike is illegal under state law. In October the UFA hired the Honest Ballot Association (HBA), a nonprofit foundation that since 1912 has done so thousands of times on behalf of unions and other membership organizations, to poll the firemen on the question of authorizing a strike. A mail poll was completed on October 31 and its result promptly certified to the UFA officials. Richard J. Vizzini, UFA president, announced publicly that the poll "overwhelmingly favored a strike." A State Supreme Court Justice issued an injunction forbidding the strike. On November 6 the firemen struck, and New York was left with virtually no firefighting force for five and a half hours. On November 16 Vizzini admitted to the District Attorney that the membership poll had in fact gone (4,119 to 3,827) *against* a strike. He also divulged that two days after receiving the ballots he had burned them. George S. Abrams, director of the HBA, confirmed these figures. When asked why he had not exposed Vizzini's lie about the poll result and thus headed off the possibility of a strike that might quickly have brought catastrophe, Mr. Abrams replied that HBA had fulfilled its responsibility by conducting an honest poll and certifying the true results to the UFA officials who had engaged the HBA's services. Any public statement by HBA on the results would have violated his confidential relation with his client. *Something* must be screwy in that sequence.

■ A single union can legally monopolize, and withhold, the supply of certain skills to a community—or even to the entire nation. Though no single business has comparable power to shut down the supply of vital goods and services, our antiquated antitrust laws are directed solely at business monopoly (often defined, by the courts, as charging low prices). The evident effect of labor monopoly is to raise relative prices of monopolized services (or the goods they produce), limit employment opportunities, and foster the strategy of threatening consumers and ancillary producers who depend critically on the monopolized good or service. Classic examples of the latter effect are dock, trucking, mass transit, and public service strikes. Senator Strom Thurmond has introduced a bill (S 2237) to end labor unions' immunity from antitrust, and to ease the 1932 Norris-LaGuardia Act's severe restrictions of the use of injunctions in labor disputes. Co-sponsors include Senators McClellan, Fannon, Bennett, Curtis, Helms, and Scott. It is now largely up to Senator Philip Hart, head of the Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee (who is noted for a rather cyclopean view of monopoly), to hold hearings or not.

■ Henry Kissinger's chutzpah was showing in the toast he made to Chou En-lai at his banquet in Peking. It was neither a specific, immediate guarantee ("our Administration will work toward formal recognition of the People's Republic") nor the usual vague, diplomatic phrases ("there will be eternal friendship between our two nations"), but rather a semi-specific guarantee made in the name of whichever Administration takes over in 1976 (or earlier), and of Administrations yet unthought of: "I assure you that the progress that has been made in our relations will be continued in the years ahead, whatever happens in the future and whatever the Administration. . . . No matter what happens in the United States in the future, friendship with the People's Republic of China is one of the constant factors of American foreign policy."

■ For a couple of years Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* moved along like a swelling river, but in recent months it has looked more like a tide. After cresting in the Soviet and East German accords, the *Ostpolitik* has steadily receded. Tentative agreements with Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, and Hungary looking toward diplomatic relations and trade treaties have remained tentative. Formally, the sticking point has been West Germany's

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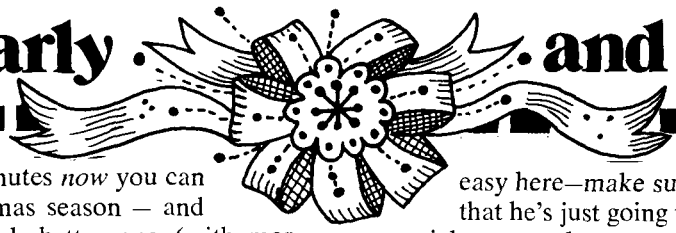

Just by taking a few minutes *now* you can make your own Christmas season — and certainly *ours* — a much better one (with more time to concentrate on what it *really* means, rather than spending frantic hours in wrapping and mailing lines or shouting at harried clerks for the last-minute stuff you "can get later"). Give *National Review* this year to the special or hard-to-please people on your gift list — especially those long-distance friends and relations (*we* do all the handling and mailing!). NR gift subscriptions are quick and easy: as easy as taking a few moments now to jot down your instructions below and returning this page to us. We'll bill you later if you want (the important thing is to get the jump on the last-minute rush).

National Review makes a very *impressive* gift too. You can flatter someone in your office or organization; you can do something *positive* for the students on your list; you can enlighten your friendly local legislator or college professor (go easy here—make sure he's not so "liberal" that he's just going to tear up the copies!); you might even solve your own women's lib problems (NR, as you know, never discriminates—we'll take on anybody.) You get the picture: *National Review* is a very useful item for Christmas giving.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

No one in government believes voluntarism will move the nation far toward a solution to the energy crisis. So what next? The Administration is deeply divided and—worse—disorganized. The crucial decision remains to be made: Will fuel be allocated by rationing, strictly construed, or by rationing done by the market mechanism? That is, will the consumption of gasoline and fuel oil be regulated by coupons or by rising prices? And if the government allows the price of fuel to rise, will it spur things along by slapping a tax of (say) 30 per cent (as energy czar John Love suggests) on a gallon of gasoline? Or will they ration with coupons *and* slap on a tax? This is an issue on which the two parties do look a bit different. Republicans have a general philosophical inclination to let the market price allocate resources. Democrats have a general inclination to trust rationing—with the inevitable bureaucracy—to do the job. Freshman Senator Floyd Haskell (D., Colo.) got a surprising forty senators to vote for his measure demanding gas rationing by January. The measure lost, but it put pressure on the Administration in deciding the direction it wants to take.

■ While not denying the seriousness of the energy crisis, many in the White House see a silver lining. They are hoping that the crisis will elicit a sense of common effort—of pulling together—that will rally the nation around the government. Evidence that this will not work can be found wherever there are automobiles. White House officials driving to work on the Washington beltway had better not drive fifty miles per hour: They will be run over by all the other cars on the road.

■ Capitol Hill is alive with rumors about two members of the Senate Watergate Committee. One rumor is that members of Senator Edward Gurney's (R., Fla.) staff are job hunting because they think the ongoing investigation of Florida fundraising on his behalf will kill his reelection chances next year. Another rumor is that Senator Joseph Montoya (D., N.M.) is the subject of an investigation in his home state.

■ Greater love hath no bureaucrat than to give up his limousine for his nation. Unfortunately, the approximately eight hundred bureaucrats who have full-time limousines are not rushing to give them up to save fuel. So Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) got the Senate to pass a bill which, if it becomes law, will leave only about 26 limousines. The three senators who have limousines (Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana, Minority Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, President Pro Tem of the Senate James Eastland of Mississippi) voted "present."

■ BRIEFS: George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, has seen the light: He is expected to lead the fight next spring against extension of the law which gives the President power to administer current economic controls. . . . Charles Colson has seen another kind of light. Colson, the former Nixon aide, noted for toughness (especially his willingness to tromp on his grandmother for the benefit of Mr. Nixon), is said to have become devoutly religious, the result of the trauma of involvement with the Administration's troubles. . . . Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) says forced busing is the place to begin saving fuel.

—CATO

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insistence that its diplomatic and consular officers would represent both institutions and individuals of West Berlin —a procedure with implications that the Communist nations, pressed by East Germany, have not been willing to accept. The more fundamental difficulty, however, may be with the whole concept of detente as the Western countries have wished to understand it.

■ An African correspondent reports an event in Tanzania that has been ignored by the American press: "Just after the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli conflict, the Tanzanian government decided to confiscate a whole lot more farms—mostly Indian- and European-owned. The army just walked onto the farms, demanded that the owners hand over their keys, and then gave them four hours to get out."

■ Pyotr Yakir and Viktor Krasin have just been released from prison and sent into exile two years before their terms were up. Their release is thought to be due to their having already served a year in prison before the trial, to their poor health, and, more persuasively to the point, to their having turned state's evidence. Meanwhile the London-based *Soviet Analyst* has received eyewitness reports from the Yakir-Krasin trial, according to which Yakir did *not*, as Tass had reported, "implicate" Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov in his activities. He said only that he had once left a copy of the *Chronicle of Current Events* with a mutual acquaintance so that Solzhenitsyn could see it and that Sakharov was one of those present when David Bonavia, the London *Times* correspondent expelled from the Soviet Union a few months before Yakir was arrested, was being seen off by his friends. It was Bonavia, you may remember, who released Yakir's pretrial statement, "If they beat me, I will say anything. . . ."

■ Tito has jumped into the Middle Eastern arena with both feet. Two weeks ago he made a flying visit to Kiev, where he and Leonid Brezhnev signed a joint communiqué pressing for the "national rights" of Palestinian refugees. Then, back in Belgrade, Tito received a visit from Colonel Qaddafi. Qaddafi wants Yugoslavia to provide arms and help train the Libyan army, in return for oil and hard cash. Symbolically, as Americans were slowing down to 50 mph, Qaddafi and Tito "sped away" from the Belgrade airport in Tito's Mercedes convertible.

■ A new bimonthly, *Asian Affairs*, An American Review, has just announced publication. Judging from its masthead, *Asian Affairs* will cover its subject expertly. Professor Frank Trager, a sturdy and learned friend of Asian freedom, is chairman of the editorial advisory board. Professor William Henderson, formerly with the Council on Foreign Relations, is the editor. For informa-

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tion on subscriptions write to Crane, Russak & Co., 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

■ Patience rewarded! It took 56 years, but this year the Soviet Union is scoring an agricultural success—a record 197-million-ton grain harvest. So far, the experts have not detected anyone's finger on the scales.

■ A lovely bit of Americana came to light this week in a deposition by Donald Thomas of Austin, Texas, an attorney for the late President Lyndon B. Johnson. According to Mr. Thomas, Mr. Johnson donated upward of $50,000 to a private fund for acquiring land for the Lyndon B. Johnson State Park—out of irritation at souvenir cow chips. Thomas deposed, "I can't forget that what instituted the President's great desire to see this park completed was the fact that they were selling cow chips at curio stores for 25 cents and asserting they came from the LBJ Ranch."

■ Saccharin is now under scientific scrutiny, and there are rumblings that it may be on the way out; cyclamates, meanwhile, may be in for a comeback. The FDA will announce rulings some time within the next decade. One possible compromise: Cans of diet pop could bear the legend "Warning: This beverage may be dangerous to your rat's bladder."

■ The following story is true. Once upon a time, in Nevada's Esmeralda County on a place called the Cottontail Ranch, Miss Beverly Harrell had her own little business. She and the pretty girls who worked for her used to stay up far into the night pleasing the many men who, well, hippity-hopped to the Cottontail Ranch. Then one day Uncle Sam, a mean old man, discovered that the land belonged to him, and he ordered Miss Harrell and her pretty girls off. Miss Harrell appealed to the courts, but the judge said her type of business was a public nuisance. She and the girls were forced to leave. The girls have been living less happily ever after and Uncle Sam is as mean as ever. After all, this wasn't a fairy tale.

■ Who would ever believe it? Coretta Scott King, widow of Martin Luther King, is now making base appeals to patriotism. What's more she has blossomed into a strict constructionist. Proof? Huge ads, in every kind of boldface type, in the *New York Times*: "VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF FREEDOM!" "YOU—AMERICA ARE THE LAST HOPE OF MANKIND!" "LET US STOP THOMAS JEFFERSON FROM SPINNING IN HIS GRAVE!" "INSIST ON STRICT CLASSICAL ADHERENCE TO YOUR CONSTITUTION!" "AMERICA PLEASE WAKE UP!" AND—we are now paraphrasing—LET'S GET THE IMPEACHMENT PROCESS GOING!

■ "The vicissitudes of life produce pregnancies, many of them unwanted," opined William O. Douglas, concurring in the Supreme Court's abortion decision. Justice Douglas has now served on the Court for nearly 35 years, and has been married four times—both records for a Supreme Court justice. Any way you look at it, that's a lot of vicissitudes.

■ The axe grinders are applying the energy crisis to their own ends. The mayor of Macon, Georgia is suspending the forced busing of schoolchildren for purposes of integration until the crisis passes, and the head of the Women's Christian Temperance Union insists that the distilleries should shut down for the duration. But how then would we fuel our discontents?

Solving the Gasoline Shortage

The missing word in most discussions of the oil crunch is "price." Supplies and "needs" are apparently assumed to be fixed, regardless of price. Or, if the possible effect of a price increase is discussed at all, it is regarded as an insufferable burden on the poor (an argument against any and all price increases) and an unconscionable windfall to the oil barons (who might do something rash, like use the funds to drill more wells or build more refineries).

Besides, Great Society economist Walter Heller tells us that prices of fuels and power have already risen 20 per cent in the past twelve months. The catch is that this was a rise in wholesale costs—mostly import prices—while neither domestic wholesale nor retail prices have risen by more than a couple of cents a gallon. In June 1971 gasoline pump prices were at the lowest level since 1968; they were frozen at that level shortly thereafter and left there until recently. Heating oil prices were frozen at even lower off-season rates, causing refineries to shift to a higher percentage of gasoline production. Still, the refineries' net profits slipped every year between 1966 (11.2 per cent of sales) and 1972 (7.2 per cent). Informed by a recent staff study that "price controls . . . were, in fact, a factor in the alarmingly low fuel stocks that industry held in the summer of 1972," the Senate voted to extend controls on petroleum until March 1975 and narrowly missed mandating gasoline rationing.

Understatements of the impact of the Arab cutoff—"we only import 6 per cent of our oil from the Arabs"—arise from using data which show where refined products come from but neglect to mention that some of the listed non-Arab refineries get their crude oil from the Arabs. Overstatements, on the other hand, arise from blaming all of our energy problems on the Arabs. Whatever the causes, White House estimates are that heating oil supplies will fall 15 per cent short of demand, and other fuels will be 11 to 13 per cent short, while the gasoline shortage is estimated at a not too frightening 7 per cent. These figures might be half again as large if the oil cutoff continues, or 10 to 20 per cent. There is about a 5 per cent range within which refineries are technically able to switch between gasoline and fuel oil. So govern-

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ment pressure to produce heating oil last winter aggravated the gasoline shortage in the following summer—a game of musical chairs that we are playing again.

What sort of price increase would it take to deter gasoline consumption by 10 per cent? Walter Heller figures price increases of 15 to 20 per cent, which is in line with the outside guesses of John Love and Milton Friedman. If these estimates are correct, gasoline would level off at about fifty cents a gallon—which would hardly impose the hardship of rationing or other draconian measures. (In most countries gasoline costs twice that or more.) Significantly, those who would prevent the price of gasoline from finding its market-clearing level have no objection to equivalent taxes on gasoline: "Higher gasoline prices constitute a regressive tax," says the *New York Times*, but "higher taxes on gasoline can indeed carry part of the burden." Conflicting reports suggest that a tax on gasoline would be deflationary (the government will hoard the money?), while an equivalent price increase would be inflationary. But a rise in a single price is not inflationary, because those who pay that price have their incomes reduced by exactly the added amount that gasoline suppliers receive. By paying more for gasoline, there would be less money left over to bid up the price of other goods.

While we're at it, governments charge prices too, and some of these incentives could be more finely tuned without raising the total tax bite. Bridge tolls could be raised at peak hours, for example, or for half-empty cars, as San Francisco is doing. Gasoline taxes could be higher on leaded gas. Auto licensing fees or sales taxes could be higher for large-engined cars.

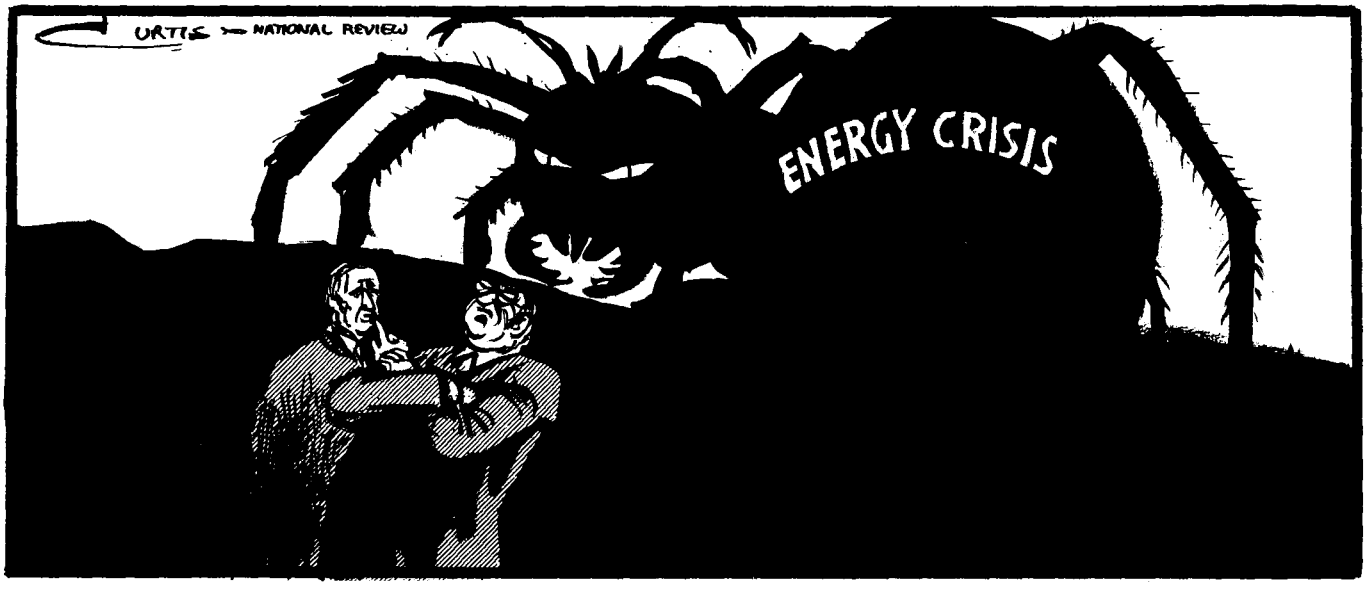
The "conservation ethic" is fine, but it has about as much impact as a temperance campaign when it conflicts with economic incentives. A few clever ideas do seem virtually free, like year-round daylight savings time, but most involve very real trade-offs in lost time, income, or comfort. Many energy-saving schemes impose heavy costs on some people (Sunday drivers or traveling salesmen) while letting others off scot-free (people with a weekday off; New Jersey commuters who couldn't hit 50 mph anyway). Actual coupon rationing gets hopelessly muddled as bureaucrats try to decide whether to hand out coupons per car, per household, or per capita; to sort out "essential" from "nonessential" driving; to judge hard luck stories; and to deal with "black" (free) markets.

In September 1972, the Office of Emergency Preparedness came up with a bundle of energy conservation measures that could save $10.7 billion a year: By not availing themselves of those savings consumers appear wasteful; but people would not part with that much money unless they considered the "wasted" energy worth more to them than the $10.7 billion. The way to get people to insulate their homes, drive noisy little cars, and stop making office buildings out of aluminum and glass is to make energy expensive enough to justify the costs of conservation. As Eliot Marshall wrote in *The New Republic* (yes, *The New Republic*), "Fuel prices in this country are low by international standards and raising them is probably the least arbitrary of several ways to discourage energy use." The price system is simply the best rationing device ever invented, and if it couldn't handle a 10 to 20 per cent shortage we wouldn't be eating more meat today than we were during the beef price freeze.

Nixon in Orlando

Richard Nixon's Saturday night appearance at the Contemporary Motel, Disney World, Orlando—there to carry on his counteroffensive before some four hundred managing editors and the TV cameras—had considerable poetic appropriateness.

Disney World is to the new majority what fabled plea-



"On the other hand, what if it's real?"

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sure domes were to other ruling classes in other times: George IV's Oriental pavilion at Brighton, Louis XIV's Versailles, the Hanging Gardens of ancient Babylon. Disney World is a genuine cultural creation. With its golf course and tennis courts, its nursery and monorail, its ubiquitous efficiency, its professional golf tournament, pools, lake, speedboats, saunas, midnight cruises on side-wheel steamer, its French, Polynesian, and other restaurants, its comfort—slightly antiseptic, but genuine—Disney World reflects the formidable strengths, as well as the shortcomings, of a social class which came to voting power and affluence following World War II. Nixon had come home.

It showed in his manner. He told some jokes. He praised the sports pages of the *Washington Post*. He permitted himself a directness of language he usually reserves for private conversation: "People have the right to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I am not a crook." He discussed the raw and painful topics of resignation, impeachment, and his tax returns, the legality of which he affirmed. Whether by design or by an instinctive sense of the appropriate, given the setting, he even performed a kind of religious act by affirming the central American myth: He had earned, he said, every cent he had ever got.

The response of the managing editors could be called mixed/favorable. Nixon's performance was impressive, as far as it went, and about half of the editors are inclined to be friendly to him anyway. Every single editor, moreover, had one overriding though tacit concern: to avoid a repeat of that last sick happening in Washington, with Clark Mollenhoff shrieking "Mr. President," eyes rolling, others impersonating Yahoos, and Nixon a study in repressed fury.

Senator Howard Baker also made the pilgrimage to Disney World, addressing the editors at a Monday luncheon. Where Watergate is concerned, Baker has finely tuned antennae. To vary the metaphor, he has played the Watergate bull like Manolete. No one had forgotten that last summer Baker had remarked that he essentially believed the testimony of John Dean. Now Baker was saying that Nixon could recover public confidence. He did not, however, know whether he would. Baker was also mildly, subtly critical of the Ervin Committee: a very shrewd customer, one sensed.

Pertinent Sindlinger Poll results are as follows: After the Cox firing Nixon touched bottom: 47 per cent were for impeachment, 30 against; 54 per cent for resignation, 29 against; after the nonexistent-tapes disclosure, Nixon looked healthier: 31 per cent for impeachment, 54 against; 33 per cent for resignation, 49 against.

The Russians Are Coming

The diesels hum; the brightwork gleams.
On carriers, the fighter screams.
Morale is up and planning's bold,
But all agree our fleet is old.
In '98, the Spanish fleet
Was full of spunk and high conceit;
Nor did the Czar believe that he
Could fail to sink the Japanee.
The ocean's wide and very deep
And modern fleets are never cheap,
But if we don't command the seas,
We'll bloody well be saying "cheese."

W. H. VON DREELE

Kissinger Makes a Sounding

There was a provocative double dialectic in Secretary of State Kissinger's choice of Peking as locale for an interview with U.S. journalists addressed primarily to the U.S. audience. From the heart of a Communist totalitarian prison, he was, through the miracle of TV and the orbiting satellite system, speaking freely to men everywhere. And, by a further dialectical irony probably not part of the original intention, he was exploiting a supreme achievement of the technological era at the very moment when lights turning off over much of the globe and slowed machines may have been symbolizing the beginning of the irreversible decline of that technological era.

It was not China—to which he allotted two sentences only—but the Mideast that was Secretary Kissinger's topic. It seems likely that the chief purpose of his communication was suggested by the following exchange:

"*Q*. Senator Fulbright has called for the establishment of a bilateral treaty between the U.S. and Israel. Would the Administration support that? *A*. It has been a constant American policy . . . that the existence of Israel will be supported by the U.S. This has been our policy in the absence of any formal arrangement and it has never been challenged no matter which Administration was in office. The question then is where are the borders and what are the security arrangements, and this is what is going to be negotiated in accordance with Security Council [Jarring] Resolution 242. Whether the security guarantees should be expressed in some formal document or in some other way, I think we should wait until the negotiations are completed, but it is one of the ideas that is under consideration. . . . *Q*. Mr. Secretary, isn't it inherently dangerous for the superpowers to become committed to guaranteeing arrangements in the Middle East? *A*. So far there has not been any precise discussion of guarantees. . . . However, I would assume that if the peace negotiations succeed there will be a very special problem, especially for Israel, of how its security can be assured under conditions when the final borders will certainly be different from the ceasefire lines. . . . At this point the question of guarantees will arise and we have to then ask the question what sort of guarantee—unilateral, several countries, and so forth."

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What this translated into is notification that the U.S. Government has under active consideration some sort of formal guarantee of the integrity of Israeli borders when and if Israel retires to borders that coincide, roughly, with those specified in UN Resolution 242—that is, the 1967 borders with, possibly, minor adjustments for security reasons, some "solution" for the problem of the Palestinians, and some sort of Israel-Jordan division of jurisdiction over Jerusalem. It is even possible that in the negotiations that produced the ceasefire the U.S. has made a secret commitment along such lines to either Israel or Egypt or both.

Apart from Israel herself, her avowed Zionist supporters, and Qaddafi-style Arab extremists there seems to be rather wide agreement that a settlement along the lines of the Resolution would be fair. But it will not be judged so by Israel unless she has solider reason than in the past to suppose that those narrower and, as she believes them, more militarily vulnerable borders will be backed by weighty sanctions. A suitable guarantee would no doubt be as weighty as can be devised, but it is unlikely from a variety of standpoints that a unilateral guarantee by the U.S. would be thus suitable—as an Israeli comment on the Kissinger interview stated, Israel already has, in practice, about as much of a U.S. guarantee as the U.S. is capable of giving. The guarantee that would, objectively, be most meaningful, would be by the Arab nations, or at the very least the Arab nations bordering on Israel, and it is toward this, we should think, that Secretary Kissinger's art, so far as guarantees go, should be principally directed. That, with an endorsement by the NATO allies, should be enough to satisfy Israel, as Israel should, if necessary, be persuaded to recognize. And that achieved, there would probably be no way to keep our Soviet detente partner from joining in.

Grecian Kid Stuff

The student revolt in Greece has left much of the American press indignant that President (or Colonel, as they like to call him) Papadopoulos lacked the simple decency to capitulate. It is natural, as James Burnham has pointed out in these pages ("Why the Fuss?," *NR*, Oct. 22, 1971), that liberals here should sympathize with the Greek students, who spring from the articulate and cosmopolitan intellectual class whose ascendancy ended with the 1967 coup of the old-fashioned and provincial Colonels.

But it is also important for the rest of us to remind ourselves of a few pertinent considerations: 1) The absence of important civil liberties, rightly deplored by liberals, does not automatically make the regime totalitarian, or even despicable; nor does the advocacy of such liberties prove that the students are justified in their revolt. 2) The revolt was simply revolutionary; the students quickly demanded the overthrow of the regime. 3) The revolt was apparently timed to frustrate the regime, if nothing else, at a moment when it was moving to restore at least the semblance of democracy (Premier Spyros Markezinis was about to give his first press conference). 4) That semblance may indeed have been a deception, as the students insisted. 5) But even assuming the integrity of the students and the mendacity of the regime, it is the height of naiveté to assume that the mere destruction of an existing order will establish that (and only that) which it is intended to establish. 6) Among the foreseeable consequences of any revolt is the resistance of the old regime, and it is inane to complain, as did the *New York Times*, that the regime has shed blood in the course of defending itself.

There is no disputing the principle that bad people should give way to good people. But sometimes the criteria for distinguishing them are hard to apply, and sometimes the bad people are recalcitrant. In which case, the debate lies between force and prudence—a debate that has not so far been joined among the students' ideological rooters.

Lesser Breeds?

Since Negro intelligence is naturally and incorrigibly low, reasons William Shockley, let's give blacks cash incentives not to breed. This enthymeme gets Shockley lots of campus speaking invitations—and gets those invitations canceled. A recent weekend conference at New York University was devoted to fighting the "academic racism" of not only Shockley, but also Arthur Jensen and Richard Herrnstein.

Shockley's program of benign genocide is plainly monstrous. But why should the Left continue to harass and, uh, repress Jensen and Herrnstein? "Racist Ideas Kill," proclaimed a sign on the podium at NYU. Jensen, in fact, urges special measures to assist blacks; Herrnstein has not conspicuously mentioned the subject of race, but has rather contended that a strict egalitarian social program would backfire, locking the less able into the lower classes by making sheer native ability the only route of advancement. Neither, of course, has suggested the murder or even the "phasing out" of black people.

Those who think man a rational creature, God's image, regard reason as something more than cunning and ingenuity—more, that is, than mere IQ. The debate over whether intelligence is hereditary, and over whether it follows racial lines, may be interesting as a scientific inquiry, but cannot, on this view, affect the natural dignity of man, or the rights that issue from that dignity. But those who consider man as differing from animals only in degree—especially the secularist social engineers of the Left—can hardly object to a proposal that men be bred like animals to produce finer strains. They can only object to a Shockley on matters of fact—the putative fact of inequality—not on matters of principle. "Racist" ideas, on their principles, can in-

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deed kill. Shockley's program (or worse) is for them a plausible corollary of Jensen's "facts."

Which is why the Left is so eager to make not only Shockley but Jensen and Herrnstein shut up and go away. One of the Lysenkoists at the NYU conference, according to the *Times*' account, "said he believed in academic freedom, but only in conjunction with the ideas of the local community." Like what? "It should be like what goes on in China," he explained. Just so.

Notes & Asides

■ Religion Newswriters Association
Washington

Dear Mr. Buckley:
As has perhaps also been drawn to your attention by others, a Mr. Philip Nicolaides, who identified himself as a correspondent for NATIONAL REVIEW, interrupted a meeting of the United States Catholic Bishops from the press section this afternoon, demanding to be heard on the question of the dispute between the Farah Co. and Bishop Sidney Metzger.

After the incident, Mr. Nicolaides identified himself as president of a public relations firm retained by Farah, which calls into further question his reportorial bona fides.

By this disgraceful and unprofessional action Mr. Nicolaides endangered years of effort by legitimate newsmen to win admission to the deliberations of the bishops' conference. If Mr. Nicolaides was indeed working on assignment from NATIONAL REVIEW, we hope you will forcibly draw to his attention that such behavior cannot be tolerated.

Very truly yours,

Richard N. Ostling
Time Magazine
Vice President

William R. MacKaye
The Washington Post
Treasurer

Dear Messrs. Ostling and MacKaye:

Mr. Philip Nicolaides has done free lance work for NATIONAL REVIEW from time to time. He was not on assignment from NATIONAL REVIEW when he looked in on the bishops' conference, and we would not have sent him to cover that conference inasmuch as he is serving as a consultant to a party whose interests would be discussed at that conference. Mr. Nicolaides should not have used our press credentials under the circumstances, and of course should not have interrupted the proceedings, however briefly, even to protest animadversions on his own role in the Farah controversy which he thought unjust. You are, I assume, aware that on the next day, he wrote a letter of apology to the bishops which was gracefully accepted. . . . If your years of effort are so easily endangered, as by this trivial episode, I suggest they are built on shifting sands, and that you train your attention, and that of your employers, on the rather more precarious bases of the policy of detente. Yours faithfully,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
NATIONAL REVIEW
President

■ MEMO TO: Bill Buckley
FROM: Bill Rusher
RE: Progress report on turning me into a cult hero. [Nov. 23]

It's a mixed bag. Frankly, I'm getting discouraged.

1. The eyebrow bit. For various obscure physiological reasons, my eyebrows simply won't go *up* high enough. I can wiggle my ears, especially my right ear (pure coincidence—no symbolism intended), but I doubt the gesture would be visible on television at a distance of more than six inches.

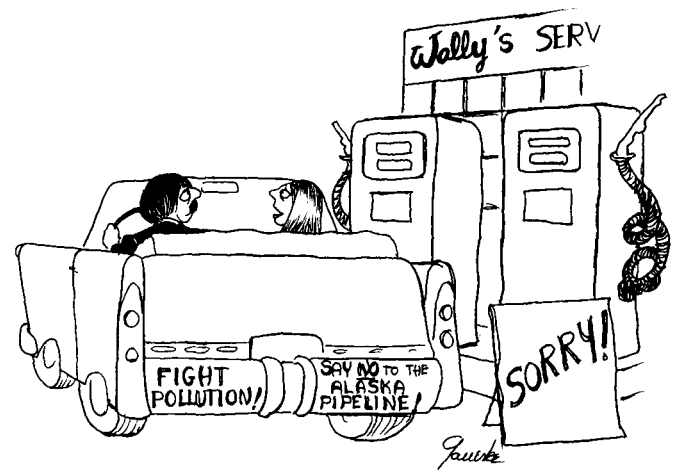
2. The Bill Rusher sweatshirt. I have located a manufacturer who would be willing to turn out a gross of these at a ridiculously high price, but then who would wear them? One of my godsons—a likely purchaser—has told his father that the kids on his block have threatened to beat him up if he wears a Bill Rusher sweatshirt.

3. Truman Capote simply refuses to return my phone calls.

4. On the other hand, I am getting so I can twiddle a red pen almost as well as you can. It's rather like baton twirling, right?

5. I have set myself to learn one new big word a day. This week so far, for example, I have learned *prevenient*, *susurrant*, and *dichotomous*. But maybe we're wrong to try such slavish imitation. Perhaps I should develop my own *shtick* in the language line: e.g., use only one- and two-syllable words, or try to become famous for a lavish use of French profanity. In short, maybe the more dichotomous the better (see?).

6. I flatly refuse to ride a Honda. For one thing, they're dangerous in this Manhattan traffic. For another,



"Maybe we should do some rethink, Dave, before we repeal the Industrial Revolution."

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I live only three and a half blocks from the office, so it isn't necessary. If you really think some unique mode of transportation is essential to the image, I can rent a Shetland pony from a stable up in Westchester, but you'll have to keep it here at the office.

Really, instead of trying to turn me into the new cult hero so people will take you seriously, it might be better if we reversed our strategy and tried to sell me as an *anti*-hero: i.e., a guy so irredeemably square that he becomes famous for it. I am sure I could do it; I think people might buy it; and it would be a hell of a lot easier on me.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Thank you for publishing my article ["Who Killed the Young Conservatives Club?," Oct. 26, 1973]. One of our freshman counselors, who is a divinity student, said I had written a fine sermon; the rush manager of the Alley Cats asked if I was the same Richard-Brookhiser-freshman-at-Yale who'd written for *NR*; and the kid across the hall, when he found out I get paid for my labors, is eager to collaborate.

Yale and I are getting along very well. Right now I'm barely seeing my roommates because of singing group rush; I'm churning through four plays and a paper a week for Maynard Mack; and for intellectual and comic relief, I turn to the Party of the Right, which recently voted affirmatively on the motion "Resolved: The world is flat." It seemed the other day that you and Barry Goldwater had agreed at the Wichita Airport to bring down the government, but as Mr. Nixon is still in power, this must have been only a dry run. When, in your capacity as leaders of the Bavarian Illuminati, you and Mr. Goldwater do decide to let the axe fall, could you please tip me off? Just let Leonid Brezhnev or another one of your dupes say "we can't afFORD an impeachment" in a press conference and I'll take the hint.

Very truly yours,
Rick Brookhiser

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: The "theme" upon which Chaucer's Pardoner preaches ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 9] is *radix malorum est cupiditas*, which is derived from St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy, Chapter 6, vv. 9-10: "*Nam qui volunt divites fieri, incidunt in tentationem, et in laqueum diaboli, et desideria multa inutilia et nociva, quae mergunt homines in interitum et perditionem. Radix enim omnium malorum est cupiditas: quidam appetentes erraverunt a fide, et inseruerunt se doloribus multis.*" Your comment, "As a matter of fact, cupidity isn't the root of all evil" seems to me a bit tasteless coming from a man of your pretensions. It might be helpful to recall also that St. Augustine maintained that "Scripture teaches nothing but charity, nor condemns anything except cupidity, and in this way shapes the minds of men." It may be argued that *cupidity* did not mean quite the same thing to St. Paul and to St. Augustine that it does to the "modern reader." Nevertheless, you did the quoting.

D. W. Robertson Jr.
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Mr. Robertson: Well well. What *are* we talking about? a) I quoted Chaucer correctly except that I assigned to the legend in the Pardoner's Tale the qualifier "all" which Chaucer didn't use. St. Paul, on the other hand, did: which means that b) either Chaucer shouldn't have edited St. Paul so as to change Paul's meaning, or that I shouldn't have edited Chaucer so as to restore Paul's meaning. So whose "tastelessness"—what an *odd* word, you should have tried the Latin—is your quarrel with? c) Inasmuch as the Latin does not indicate whether the definite or the indefinite article is appropriate, "radix" can mean either "a root" or "the root." *The* root is comprehensive, *a* root is partial. Now, King James said "the root," whereas Monsignor Knox uses "a root." Since Chaucer came before King James, who came before Knox, we cannot know whether Chaucer thought "root" to have been intended by St. Paul as meaning "the root" or "a root," since Chaucer evidently relied on the Latin. King James's crowd did not lean at all on the Vulgate, but on the Greek and Hebrew. If you wanted to throw light on whether St. Paul intended to say that cupidity is a root of "every kind of evil" (Knox) or "the root of all evil" (King James) then you should have come through with Greek or Hebrew leads as to which of the two is authentic. As a matter of fact, Robertson, I don't usually spend this much time on people who can't read Greek or Hebrew. And no, d) it isn't helpful at all to recall what St. Augustine said. In the first place, when he says "Scripture teaches nothing but charity" he clearly meant to communicate that "Scripture *stresses* nothing *more* than charity," and when he says "nor condemns anything except cupidity," he means "nor condemns anything *more strongly than* cupidity." After all, Scripture condemns pride too, and pride doesn't have much to do with cupidity. And anyway, the older meaning of cupidity—namely, an inordinate longing—isn't flatly condemned by Scripture. It's okay to have an inordinate longing for God. And something only just a little less than that for NATIONAL REVIEW. How are things at Princeton? Regards. **—WFB**

Strategic Planning

Get out your woolies, Mother,
  And let the blinds unfold.
Put Grandma near the fire
  Before she catches cold.
Tell Pa to get a move on
  And lay some logs away.
The last big supertanker
  Left Kuwait yesterday.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Lenny Bruce on Thin Ice

FOR MORE THAN four years the White House was a tape recorder. For the last six months it has been an embattled bunker. Now, suddenly, it has become Esalen Institute, East.

All congressional Republicans, and many conservative Democrats, have dropped 'round for scrambled eggs, marmalade, and what appear to have been sensitivity sessions, wherein Mr. Nixon, looking out over a sea—well, a pond—of mostly friendly faces, said, "Everything is going to be all right," and the mostly friendly faces, having heard what they want to believe, were creased with smiles. Then, sensitivity improved and consciousnesses raised all around, Mr. Nixon roared off on a series of public appearances.

The fighting Irish side of Mr. Nixon's temperament is asserting itself. It makes people wonder: Since he obviously relishes this fight, why has he waited so long to make it? As he doles out the facts his men say will vindicate him—vindicate him with regard to Watergate, campaign financing violations, ITT, the milk funds, Howard Hughes, Vesco, his personal income taxes, his personal homes, etc.—it is inevitable that the question "Why has he husbanded his facts for so long?" will be answered by many people this way: "because it took that long to fabricate them."

Future Shocks?

But the pandemic suspicion about Mr. Nixon—suspicion created in large part by Mr. Nixon—has not demoralized Mr. Nixon. In fact, the difficulties have brought to the surface something no sober man could have anticipated: Mr. Nixon has been cracking jokes. At least one must hope that is what he has been doing. If he did not know what he was saying—to the visiting congressmen, to the convention of realtors—then his remarks were not the mordant jests that it is fun to assume they were. While sensitizing one group of congressmen, Mr. Nixon showed them his stereo and said he prefers tapes to records because tapes are more audible and accurate. Who is this? Mort Sahl? To the cheering realtors Mr. Nixon said he considers real estate a crackerjack investment and he is very proud of his own property. Who is this? The ghost of Lenny Bruce?

Nope. He is Ralph Waldo Emerson, author of this prudential maxim: "In skating over thin ice our safety is in our speed." Mr. Nixon is moving fast because he hears cracking under his blades; he knows the ice is still very thin. There are many rumors in Washington of more "shocks" to come. (Shocks are what used to be called newspaper stories.) If they hit, they will have special impact, coming after a few weeks of what passes for tranquility in Mr. Nixon's Washington. In addition, there are still areas of potentially dangerous conflict between Mr. Nixon and Leon Jaworski, the new Special Prosecutor, who is now in command of Mr. Cox's army. Mr. Nixon ordered Mr. Cox not to investigate "the plumbers." Mr. Jaworski intends to investigate them. Mr. Nixon cannot fight with Mr. Jaworski. If Mr. Jaworski ever resigns in protest, Mr. Nixon is finished.

But suppose there are no more "shocks." Where does that leave Mr. Nixon?

It leaves him mired at around 30 per cent in the polls. Even in the best of times Mr. Nixon never gained much purchase on the nation's affection. And now that he wants to go beyond sensitivity sessions and speeches, and deal with things he distinguishes from Watergate by calling them "the public business," he is surrounded by bad news. The top item on the agenda of "public business"—indeed, the item that dominates virtually every other item on the agenda—is the energy crisis. As this nearly unprecedentedly unpopular President fights to regain popularity by being businesslike, the business at hand is unprecedentedly grim. Regard.

The Arab regimes must be flabbergasted at the success of their "oil pressure" thus far. Europe has been shown to be a house of cards that can be knocked over with a small shove. The NATO alliance might as well not have existed during the recent confrontation with the Soviet Union, when "oil pressure" did what Soviet diplomacy had been unable to do in more than twenty years: The "oil pressure" detached the United States' European allies from the United States in a crucial moment. The policy of the United States during the Mideast confrontation was the policy of the United States alone.

Cold Water

Given this astonishing success, it is hard to believe the Arab regimes will substantially diminish their pressure. But even if they do, that will not "resolve" the energy crisis. And so the rumors and speculations in financial and political circles are taking on a tone of panic. Mr. Nixon's very tentative offhand expression of hope for reduced Arab pressure sent the stock market soaring 16 points. Such volatility is a sign of panic. How will people react if the market falls below 800 in a few months? Recently a group of respected economists, most with high government experience, met in Washington to brood about the dimensions of the crisis. The most optimistic consensus was that instead of the 2.5 per cent growth rate that had been anticipated for the Gross National Product during the first quarter of 1974, there will be a *decline* of *at least* 1 per cent. There is a rough rule of thumb, accepted by many economists and feared by all politicians, that a 4.25 annual rate of real growth in the GNP is the absolute minimum necessary to prevent an increase in unemployment.

Mr. Nixon's support is thin and the water below is cold and deep. It is going to be an interesting winter. □

Mandarin Epigram

Noble is known by the delicate length
of his nail;
Scholar, by the amount of iron in his
tail.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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Back at the Same Old Stand?

None of the communiqués or news reports from Peking mentioned what may have been the topic most intensely discussed by Secretary of State Kissinger and his hosts. It does not seem likely that either of the two pirouetting "sides" (as they continue, rather coyly, to call themselves in the official dispatches) would have neglected the signs and portents lately rising over a region of such inevitable concern to them both as Vietnam. Nor does there seem to be much dispute about the facts that stoke the portents.

Item. The January accord purportedly ending the war in Vietnam has collapsed; most of its provisions and "protocols," in fact, never got off the ground. At the time of its signing I wrote (*NR*, Feb. 16): "Essentially, the agreement would be accurately entitled: A Protocol of American Military Disengagement from Vietnam. . . . We may confidently predict that many of the provisions will not work out. Some of them are obviously impossible from a technical standpoint [e.g., the mandate of the international commission]. . . . Other of the provisions are preposterous [e.g., the formation and mission of the National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, the prospect of early elections]. . . . Still others are so ambiguous or so empty that no one will be able to distinguish between implementing and violating them." Even so. All those thousands of words that were so sensational for a winter week have, like whatshisname who used to be Vice President, dropped into History's shredder.

Item. Since the January non-cease-fire, there have been approximately fifty thousand combat deaths in Vietnam: more than the total U.S. combat deaths during the entire period of U.S. military presence.

Item. The North Vietnamese control a band of territory, extending south for two hundred miles from the DMZ, along South Vietnam's western border. They have constructed a continuous hard surface road therein, a series of twelve airfields, and numerous supply depots.

Item. Hanoi has shifted several MiG squadrons to fields just north of the DMZ. Many of the SAMs in the protective complex around Hanoi have been transferred to sites south of the border.

Item. Hanoi has rebuilt its tank force in the south to well over five hundred, plus several hundred armored vehicles and self-propelled artillery units. Approximately seventy thousand new troops have been infiltrated into South Vietnam since January, giving a total of close to 200,000 North Vietnamese troops besides the Vietcong forces.

Item. A pipeline has been laid alongside the two-hundred-mile road. It will be recalled that the Communists' 1972 offensive got stalled from lack of fuel.

Two + Two Equals What?

What does all this add up to?

Not a few persons who pay attention to matters of this sort believe it adds up to an offensive operation by the North Vietnamese in the fairly near future—before, let us say, the beginning of the spring rainy season. It is hard to think of any other rational explanation for the facts. Hanoi has to spend a lot of effort and money on a buildup of this scale.

Off and on all year there have been reports of a struggle in the Hanoi Politburo between those ubiquitous factions, the hawks and the doves. Many analysts judge that the decision rests on the North Vietnamese estimate of the U.S. response. Will it be, can it be, a resumption of bombing? If so, the doves have a compelling premise for their argument, especially since the sending of SAMs into the south has left Hanoi and its environs more vulnerable than last year, when even with the formidable defenses they took a brutal pounding. But reasons accumulate for doubting that the U.S. would bomb. The mere passage of time makes it more and more unlikely: After a point, the dead past buries its dead beyond revival. And right now two immediate factors weigh heavily against serious U.S. action. The U.S. has, right now, the Mideast crisis to occupy the primary attention of the Pentagon as well as the State Department. Even from a narrowly military point of view it is difficult to figure out how the U.S. could spare the forces for massive bombing of North Vietnam. And then there is Watergate.

The North Vietnamese press, not sharing Moscow's reticence, has discussed the President's troubles in sharply anti-American articles, referring, in one perhaps revelatory instance, to his "position of defeat." So oriented, they could easily enough, it would seem, convince themselves that the President could not order the bombing even if it is militarily feasible. And if Hanoi decides on an offensive, Mr. Nixon would in truth be trapped in a very bleak personal dilemma in addition to the very real military dilemma. If he ordered the bombing renewal, the House would unquestionably vote his impeachment on the double. If he refrained, the "honor" part of his "peace with honor" would evaporate. And in either event the "peace"—an indispensable half of his brief in defense of his regime—would be liquidated.

Friends in Need?

Hanoi's choice is not limited to an all-out offensive or staying put. Assessing the obstacles—including Thieu, who is no pushover—as well as the opportunities, it is conceivable that the Communists may set a limited objective: capture of Hué, perhaps, to make it the capital of a no longer provisional Revolutionary Government that might, after this year's Guinea-Bissau precedent, get widespread diplomatic and UN recognition; or a drive to cut South Vietnam in two by extending a corridor across the middle to the sea. A limited action would insure Hanoi against whatever risk there might otherwise be of U.S. re-intervention. But unless Mr. Nixon and Secretary Kissinger get some help from their new friends in Peking and Moscow, the calculus of probabilities indicates some sort of Hanoi move in South Vietnam before next spring. □

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LEO STRAUSS: 1899-1973

The Achievement of Leo Strauss

Four students consider their teacher—classicist, political scientist, philosopher—a keen-eyed observer of politics who sought to recover sight of the ends of political life

I.

Leo Strauss, who died on October 18 of this year in Annapolis, Maryland was born in Kirchhain, Hessen, Germany on September 20, 1899. After graduation from gymnasium in 1917, then wartime service in the German army, he resumed his study of philosophy, mathematics, and natural science in various German universities, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Hamburg in 1921. From 1925 until 1932, he held a research post in the Academy of Jewish Research, Berlin, and from his studies here came his first book, entitled, in its English translation, *Spinoza's Critique of Religion*. He left Germany in 1932, first for France and then for England where he wrote the book that initially brought him to the attention of a wider audience. *The Political Philosophy of Hobbes: Its Basis and Its Genesis*. In 1938 he came to the United States where, along with other distinguished European scholars, he joined the Graduate Faculty of Political and Social Science of the New School for Social Research in New York. It was here that he wrote *On Tyranny*, the first of three books he was to publish on Xenophon's political philosophy. In 1949 he accepted a professorship of political science at the University of Chicago, becoming Robert M. Hutchins Distinguished Service Professor of Political Science in 1959 and, on his retirement in 1967, Professor Emeritus. It was during the almost twenty years in Chicago, through his students and through his published work, that his influence began to be felt by a larger public. Since then he had taught at Claremont Men's College and was at the time of his death the Scott Buchanan Distinguished Scholar-in-Residence at St. John's College, Annapolis. He had completed a book on Plato's *Laws*, which will be published next year, and new studies of Xenophon and Nietzsche.

Strauss was a philosopher at a time when academic philosophy was dominated either by existentialism, which denies the rational foundation of philosophy, or by the school of linguistic analysis, which is preoccupied with elaborating rules for a game it has no intention of playing and whose importance it has no way of maintaining. He was a political scientist at a time when that profession, dominated by the school of behavioral science, was preoccupied with the formulation and testing of hypotheses concerning behavior that, on the basis of its own so-called scientific principles, could not be described as political or even, for that matter, essentially human. He was a classicist at a time when classicists no longer took seriously the content of the books entrusted to their care, and he single-handedly revived an interest in these classical texts and the knowledge they contained. He was the greatest of teachers. For all these reasons he was despised, ridiculed, misrepresented, envied, and sometimes even ignored. But not for long, and not forever, and never by those who studied under him.

In these essays we—four of his students—attempt, however inadequately but to the best of our ability, to give an account of this man and of aspects of his work to the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. We claim no right to be anything like official expositors of his thought; there is now only one source for that—his writings, which are accessible only to serious thought and study. We are sure only that everyone who studied under him will join us, their friends, in wishing to honor his memory.

—Walter Berns

II.

The political science profession that Leo Strauss entered when he came to Chicago in 1949 radiated confidence in the capacity of the scientific study of politics to advance the frontiers of knowledge and to contribute to the practice of politics and to social planning. No one denied that there was a huge gap between promise and performance, but this seemed to be the defect of a still-young enterprise and it served as stimulus rather than restraint. There were of course students of government who did not share the prevailing scientific ideology, but they were scattered and could be regarded as merely behind the times. The dominant spirit, especially in the leading institutions, was the brotherhood of modern science.

The political science profession that Strauss leaves behind, only twenty-odd years later, is far less self-confident. Its science seems pedestrian and its mastery of political life further away than ever. It suffers from diversity, not merely at heart. Questions that the scientific or its fringes but painfully close to the

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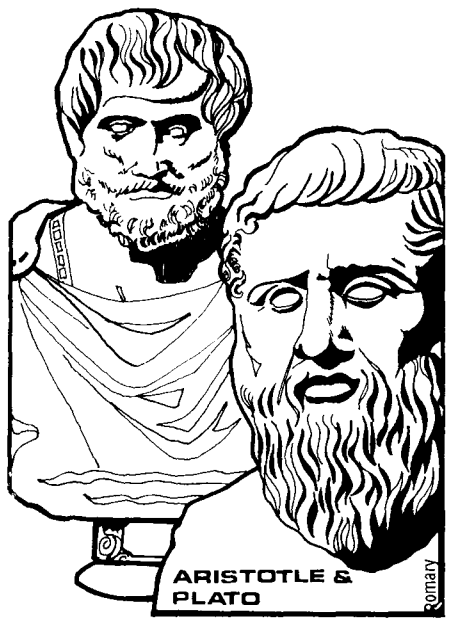
thodoxy thought it had excised have re-emerged. One prominent professor of political science ends a survey of scientific approaches to the study of judicial process by calling for the serious study of values; another declares the poverty of academic liberalism; yet another, an excellent social scientist, insists that the question of the justice of capital punishment is more important and probably more answerable than the question of its deterrent effect. Without making exaggerated claims, it is undeniable, I think, that Strauss had a great deal to do with these changes. If he did not reform political science, he did administer a resounding jolt.

Three Characteristics

Strauss took his responsibilities as a political scientist seriously. He and his students had an obligation, he conceded, to show that their activities (mostly reading and talking about old books) were legitimate things for political scientists to be doing. This concession led, however, to a thoroughgoing and aggressive criticism of that political science before whose bar he stood. In particular Strauss addressed himself to three prime characteristics of political science: its distinction between facts and values; its attempt to dissolve political things into their pre-political elements; and its blind assumption that the world of liberal democracy is the world as it is and ought to be.

Scientific political science has been guided, not by what it knows about politics, but by what it knows about knowing. Its positivist epistemology requires that a basic distinction be made between facts, which can be subjected to empirical validation, and values, which cannot. Values are relegated to the academic limbo of the history of political philosophy or "normative theory" (whatever that can be), while political scientists get on with the real work of formulating hypotheses that can be empirically tested. Strauss's criticism of the fact-value distinction is often misunderstood as merely a claim in behalf of "values." It is true that Strauss denied what scientific political science affirms, that value questions are outside the realm of rational discourse. But his argument was not primarily for values but against the distinction between facts and values. He did not scorn or oppose the factual study of political things as they are. He had learned his Hobbes and Machiavelli, to say nothing of his Plato and Aristotle, too well for that. He valued highly any sensible, informative political writing; and there were few keener-eyed or harder-headed observers of politics. Nor was his purpose to propagate some favorite "value" position. Rather, he taught that political things cannot be seen for what they are if they are viewed through the artificial distinction between facts and values. American slavery is not seen for what it is if it is not seen to be unjust. There can be no account of voting behavior that is not utterly dependent on and inseparable from some notion of what voting is for. This does not deny the importance of carefully done empirical studies of the economics of slavery, for example, or of the working of large-scale organizations, or of voting behavior. But it does mean that such studies need to be informed and guided —as political life itself is informed and guided—by a concern with the ends of political life. At the least, the student



should not allow himself to be arbitrarily cut off from such questions. Common sense knowledge (which is always "valuing" knowledge) is not sufficient, but it provides the only access to the world of politics that we have. If Strauss's students have sometimes displayed an unseemly self-assurance, the source is not so much pride of truth as relief that they have not allowed political science to make them more stupid than they need to be.

The second characteristic of political science subjected to Strauss's uncompromising analysis is its attempt to reduce political things to their economic, sociological, or psychological elements. While the political actors may say, and even think, that they are debating about the public interest, political science knows in advance that that is merely a façade. Public political discourse is not itself of much interest to the political scientist. What citizens and politicians say to one another about public issues is useful mainly in providing clues to the hidden, private, and often unconscious motives that really count. Political scientists thus make themselves into more or less adequate economists, sociologists, or psychologists, and diligently dig to undermine the study of politics. Strauss revived an alternative: the view of politics as architectonic, as forming the human materials, including the sub-political lives and motivations, to its ends. Instead of explaining American politics in terms of supermarkets and ethnic groups, he showed the deeper sense in which supermarkets and ethnic groups have to be explained in terms of American politics. Strauss pointed the student of politics back to the principles of the regime—to those rules and ends and standards of the human good that constitute the life of the community. He showed the formative importance of times of founding and crisis, the very times typically ignored by political scientists.

Despite its reductionism, American political science has had a political view, but it has remained largely unacknowledged and undefended. Strauss showed the profound parochialism of most of political science, its tendency to assume that the familiar world of liberal democracy is both natural and good. Because of this facile assumption voting studies, opinion surveys, interest group studies, and the other favorites of political science seem less narrowly bounded by time and place than they are. Part of the reason for this parochialism, Strauss showed, is a harmony between scientific political science, with its methodological commitment to what is common, and crude democratism. Another part is its ignorance of past thought and therefore of the alternative to liberal democracy.

In an attempt to defend himself from the charge of unself-conscious parochialism, the political scientist sometimes nails his liberal democratic preference to the mast. He likes peaceful change better than violence. Admitting that such preferences are utterly irrational, he at least exposes them so that he can get on to the scientific work with a clean conscience. Obviously there is here no need, more precisely there is no possibility, of any serious examination of the case against liberal democracy.

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The predictable result is flabby politics and flabby scholarship. Strauss made his students confront the enemies of liberal democracy—not only its modern enemies but also the more far-reaching criticism of the thinkers of classical antiquity who denied that men are equal in the crucial respects and who affirmed that the proper end of political life is virtue, not freedom. That such confrontation does not tend to produce unqualified admiration of liberal democracy is true. That it weakens liberal democracy would be true only if under present circumstances liberal democracy cannot be provided with a rational defense persuasive to thoughtful and well-informed men. That was not Strauss's view.

Strauss's constructive project was to recover sight of the ends of political life for a profession that had blinded itself to such considerations. He invited a fresh and serious examination of the American Declaration of Independence, not as a reflection of the times but as having a claim to truth. He explored in the writings of modern political philosophers the deeper grounds of the argument of the Declaration of Independence. And he opened up the great alternative of classical political philosophy. He turned to the great men and the great books of political philosophy as teachers, not sociological resources. He taught the reader to explore the author's intention, not to impose one of his own, and to open himself to the possibility that the author is right, that what he says is true.

Careful Reading

Strauss was not a methodologist, but he had a method. He sometimes described it as "content analysis." It is the method of careful reading. Assume that your writer may be telling the truth. Assume that he knows what he is doing. Read with the greatest care and alertness that you can muster. If your writer falls into a contradiction that you can see, assume that he could see it, and try to figure out his reason for arguing as he did. Remember (what we all know) that one does not say all one has to say to everyone, that for various reasons one may speak and write at different levels. A great deal of ill-informed controversy surges around Strauss's concern with esoteric writing. But the basic principles are simple and wholly plausible: What student or journalist has not hidden a weak argument between a

(Continues on page 1352)

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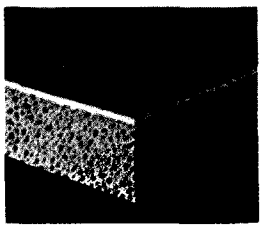

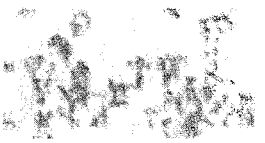

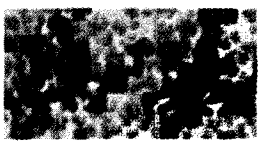

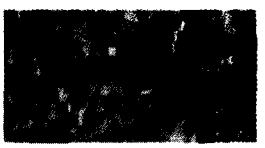

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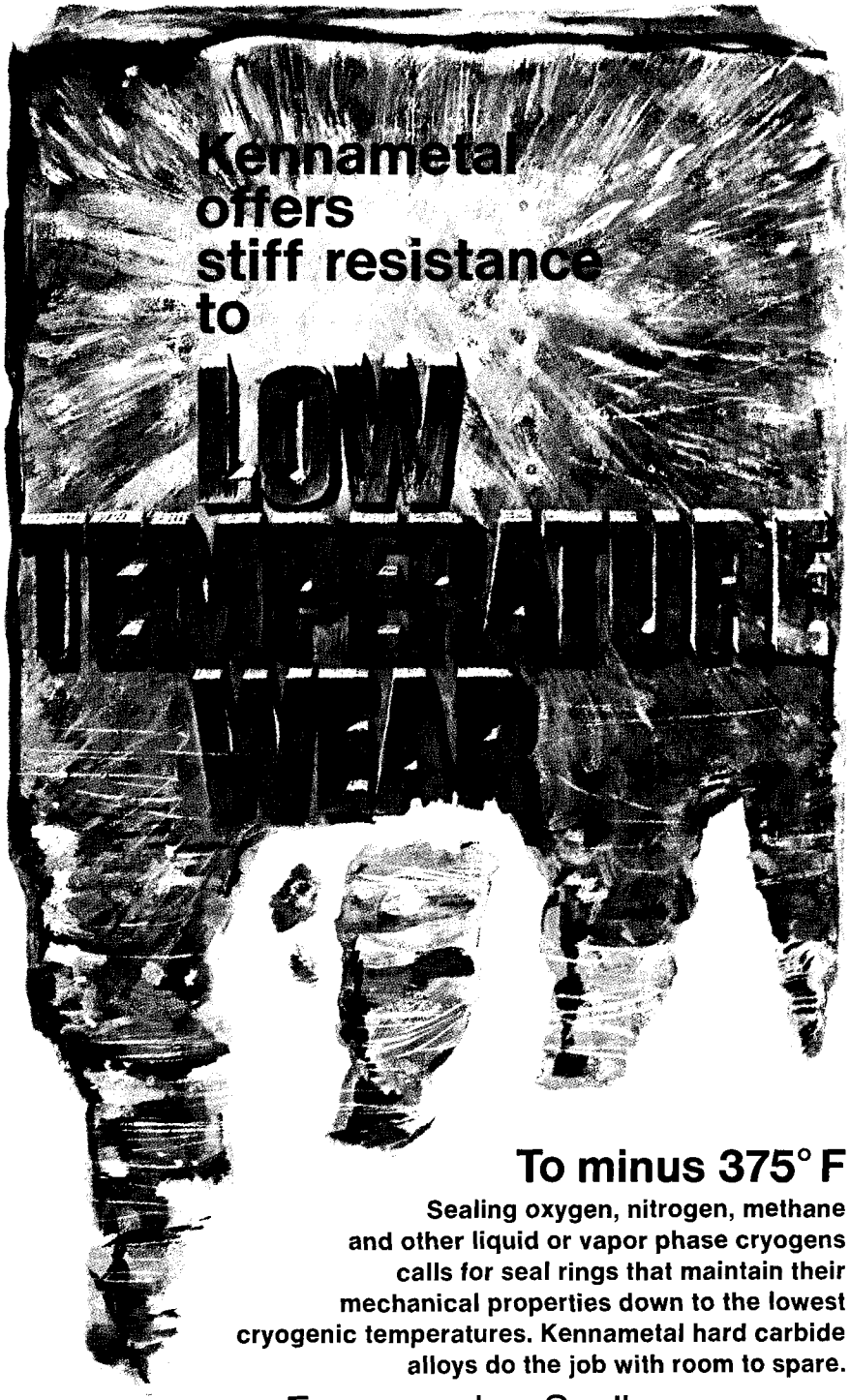

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strong beginning and a strong conclusion? Strauss showed that many writers invite the intelligent reader to dig beneath the surface for truths that it is dangerous or unfitting to leave in the open. Unquestionably this is heady stuff, and there has been a certain amount of puppylike frolicking in the esoteric garden. But to dismiss the whole enterprise as "obscurantism" is merely to confess an inability or unwillingness to learn something of the depth, precision, and subtlety of which the human mind addressing itself to political questions is capable.

Strauss did not intend that all students of politics should be mainly students of political philosophy. Much of his project was aimed at clearing away the barriers that stand in the way of a meaningful study of politics. Returning to the political arena, the student of politics can perform his proper role of articulating and comparing and clarifying the concerns of citizens and politicians. While the main and more visible thrust of Strauss's teaching is in the direction of political philosophy (itself understood as an extension of the debate of the public arena), there is a steadily growing number of students of government, many of them little concerned with political philosophy or with Strauss, whose paths will be less cumbered, whose studies will be more meaningful, and whose eyes for politics will be clearer because of the work Strauss did.

Greater Diversity

While there has been a significant opening up, however, there has been no transformation in the professional business of studying politics. Subjected to Strauss's persistent hammering from within, frustrated by the continuing gap between promise and performance, and bored (one supposes) with its own triviality, American political science was susceptible to the New Left indictment of irrelevancy and (still worse) institutional conservatism. The results have been solemn analyses of the "post-behavioral era," confessions that the science has not indeed been neutral but that it is now ready to go to work for the Left, and pronouncements by the leaders of the scientific establishment that "values" and "relevance" are after all terribly important. There is an acceptance of greater diversity in approaches to political study and of the legitimacy of criticism of narrow scientific orthodoxy. But for all the scrambling among the leaders of the profes-

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sion for philosophical postures that can be said to deal with the "normative" questions and for all the claims that the "fact-value" controversy is obsolete, the old positivist and historicist foundations that were the objects of Strauss's attack remain in place—if not quite so firmly in place—beneath the turmoil. In 1962 Strauss wrote that scientific political science could be described as fiddling while Rome burned. "It is excused by two facts: It does not know that it fiddles, and it does not know that Rome burns." Ten years later, it may perhaps be said that political science is beginning to suspect that Rome is burning.

—HERBERT J. STORING

III.

OUR PURPOSE here is to honor the memory of Leo Strauss.* It is fitting that we should do so. But honor depends upon the competence—if not the virtue—of those who give it, as well as upon the excellence of him who is to receive it. A great man once said of his teacher that he was such a one as bad men had no right even to praise. We cannot admit a doubt of our own wisdom without casting one as well upon him whom we would honor. Still, no one would have insisted more rigorously upon the necessity of both doubts than Leo Strauss.

Willmoore Kendall called Strauss the greatest teacher of politics since Machiavelli. I do not think that we—or at least I—know enough about politics to know who was its greatest teacher, either before or after Machiavelli. But I think I know what Kendall meant by that assertion, and why it is eminently plausible. For it was Strauss who, in a long series of works, culminating in *Thoughts on Machiavelli*, laid bare the Machiavellian roots of modernity and of the specific teachings of the great moderns. With very few even apparent exceptions, Strauss proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the great political philosophers after Machiavelli—for example, Spinoza, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Hegel, and Marx—were all, in the decisive respects, disciples of Machiavelli. All of them attempted in their doctrines to guarantee the actualization of a certain kind of just or legitimate regime, by taking their bearings, not by that regime which is everywhere best, but by what all men actually everywhere are. They tried to assure the fulfillment of the goal of political life by lowering that goal.

Kendall rightly observed that Strauss would not have been able to penetrate the Machiavellian origins of modernity, had he not himself transcended those origins. Machiavelli had denied that political life can be understood best or guided best by what is highest. Yet Strauss, notwithstanding his respect, or even awe, of Machiavelli's greatness, quietly denied that denial. No brief quotation can epitomize the vast sweep of Strauss's work, but I commend to you the following, for the concise simplicity—indeed, for the classic grandeur—with which it denies Machiavelli's most fundamental denial. It is taken from the Preface to the 1965 translation of *Spinoza's Critique of Religion*. "It is safer," wrote Strauss, "to try to understand the low in the light of the high than the high in the light of the low. In doing the latter one necessarily distorts the high, whereas in doing the former one does not deprive the low of the freedom to reveal itself fully as what it is." Clearly, all the state of nature theorists, and all the historical schools, tried to understand decent civil society—the high—in the light of the most indecent and powerful passions. Kant's doctrine of the Categorical Imperative would seem to be that point in modern philosophical thought furthest removed from Machiavellianism. In it, every consideration of personal advantage, every element of expedience, would seem to be removed. But what is the "good will" celebrated by Kant? Is it not an abstraction from that view of morality that is drawn from the distinction between mere interestedness and disinterestedness? And is not this view blind to the difference between noble and base interests? Is not Kant's attempt to "democratize" morality, by getting rid of the wise man as the judge of the moral man, an attempt to present the high in the light of the low? There are other and even stronger proofs that, in the decisive respects, Kant too was a Machiavellian.

Permanent Questions

Strauss never thought that Machiavelli or his greatest disciples themselves understood the high merely or simply in the light of the low. Had they done so, they could not have created works of such complex beauty, and Strauss thought that Machiavelli's works were very beautiful. The distinction between the wise few and the unwise many was as fundamental to Machiavellianism as to the classics. Political philosophy, Strauss often said—and wrote—was constituted essentially by permanent questions, to which there were no final answers. The great moderns agreed with the great ancients, both as to the permanence of these questions and as to the loftiness of the life devoted to their consideration. But they did not think that the kind of man devoted to this life—the man of utmost refinement—could be the prototype of the political man. They placed more confidence in institutions, institutions whose dark foundations would be laid by unrefined men, institutions which incorporated their refined understanding

*These remarks prepared especially for NATIONAL REVIEW were delivered orally at a memorial service for Leo Strauss at the Claremont Colleges on November 3, 1973.

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of political reality, but whose success would not require such understanding for their operation. Still only theoretical men could have denied so comprehensively to theory its sovereign role, or have constructed such theoretical books to enshrine that denial. The contemplation of the modern—or Machiavellian—alternative, in the light of the permanent questions, itself belongs to the horizon of classic thought. The tragedy of that alternative is that it points toward the annihilation of that horizon within which alone its greatness is visible.

On what we may call the practical level, Strauss's career was constituted by the articulation of the difference between ancients and moderns. For it was by this difference that he provided us with the bearings for understanding "where we are, and whither we are tending." On the purely theoretical level, it turned rather upon the difference between reason and revelation. These two principles represented the most fundamental alternatives to the most permanent of questions, concerning how man ought to live. Modernity itself was seen by Strauss as the most determined—and comprehensive—of human efforts to escape from the dilemma arising from the conflicts engendered in political life by these rival and ambiguous principles. Within the Jewish community, Spinoza was the greatest authority for that new conception both of reason and revelation in which all hitherto insoluble differences were to be reconciled. Spinoza, as the philosophic founder of the critical-historical study of the Bible, was a founder—if not the founder—of both liberal Judaism and liberal Christianity. He was moreover the first great political philosopher who may be said to have been a proponent of liberal democracy, of that regime which, among its other advantages, transcends the age-old differences of race and religion and allows men to become fellow citizens under a rule of law on a ground supplied by natural right.

When Strauss wrote that first book on Spinoza he was, as he tells us in that same Preface, "a young Jew born and raised in Germany who found himself in the grip of the theologico-political predicament." What was that predicament? The Weimar Republic was a liberal democracy, says Strauss, which "proclaimed its moderate, nonradical character: its resolve to keep a balance between the dedication to the principles of 1789 and the dedication to the highest German tradition." In short, the Weimar regime represented, in a high degree, that resolution of the human problem that modernity at its best had promised. Strauss never failed to see the weakness of the Weimar regime as a paradigm of the weakness not merely of German liberal democracy, but of modernity. While he never failed to appreciate all the particular reasons for the tragedy of German liberalism, he never thought that the deepest and, in the long run, the strongest reason for that tragedy was merely German. No one appreciated better than he—nor was anyone more grateful than he for—the strength no less than the decency of Anglo-American democracy. But he began his Walgreen lectures in 1949 with a prophecy, that what was happening here would not be the first time that a nation, Germany in this case, defeated on the field of battle, had imposed the yoke of its thought upon its conqueror. Still, that thought was radically modern, rather than radically German.

The Human Problem

The young Strauss knew the weakness of the Weimar Republic. He knew the vulnerability of the German Jewish community—also the most liberal in Europe—should Weimar fail. But neither he nor anyone else could guess that the regime that would replace it would have no other clear principle, as he says, than murderous hatred of the Jews. Strauss was certainly attracted then by political Zionism. But political Zionism was an attempt to provide a political solution to a problem originated by religious differences, the very differences that liberalism was designed to transcend. But it was itself essentially a liberal solution, since it was based upon an idea of nationality—of humanity and culture—divorced from Jewish orthodoxy. But there was no idea of Jewish nationality or culture that was possible that did not point to Jewish orthodoxy as its core. Merely political Zionism proved to be a self-contradiction. In this context, Strauss's Jewish studies led him, not merely to a profounder understanding of Spinoza, but beyond Spinoza, to that greatest Jewish thinker, Maimonides. And it was Maimonides who pointed the way for him to Al Farabi, the tenth century Moslem philosopher, and ultimately to Socrates. Henceforth his Jewishness would not take the form of any political commitment as such, but of a quiet pride in a tradition that he now knew incorporated the highest as well as the most sacred wisdom.

The establishment of the state of Israel, Strauss thought, "procured a blessing for all Jews everywhere regardless of whether they admit it or not." But it did not solve the Jewish problem. That problem was at bottom the problem arising from the challenge of revelation itself, which science had not refuted, and for which the ethics of humanity was no substitute. The Jews, whose heritage made them the highest symbols of the demand of God Himself that men live on the highest level, had become symbols of that cosmopolitanism which represented the lowering of the goals of political life, ultimately in the interest of the universal and homogeneous state. The Nazis had singled out the Jews as representatives of international banking and international Communism, the ostensibly degenerate symbols of the lowered goals of modern cosmopolitanism. But the Nazis were not Christians. Their hatred of the Jews was a hatred of the entire tradition of the West. Hitler's romantic longing for the Middle Ages was an irrational longing for a past purged of the reality of its struggle with reason and revelation. The Jewish problem was, in the end, the human problem.

Strauss did not believe that the principles of reason and revelation could ever be reduced one to the other. Hence he did not believe in the possibility of a synthesis, since any synthesis would imply a higher principle than either, a principle which regulated the combination. Catholic Christianity, which found its highest expression in Thomas Aquinas, attempted such a synthesis. Strauss admired the magnificence of Thomas' efforts, and saw in them a great humanizing and moderating of Catholic theology. Perhaps the greatest gain from the Thomistic synthesis was that Aristotle, from being a forbidden author, became eventually a recommended one. But only in traditional Judaism did the idea of revelation, and of a tradition undivided and uncompromised by syncretism, find its full expression. And Western civilization at its highest expressed the tension between Greek rationalism and Jewish revelation.

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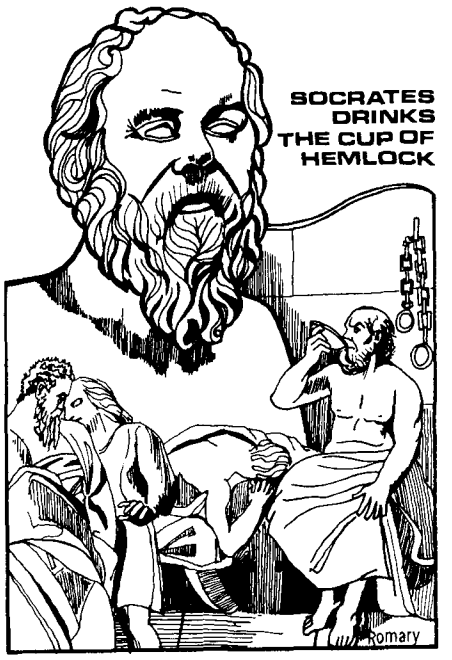
Strauss may in the end be best remembered for his works on Socrates, the preoccupation of his last years. For Socrates was the man who seemed to have discovered, or to have invented, political philosophy. For he was the man who either first asked the questions which form its core, or at least first asked them in such a way as to make their asking itself a way of life. The Socratic way of life was a continual demonstration that the rulers of Athens —and of course, of every actual regime anywhere—did not really know the things that they thought they knew, knowledge of which was implied in every action they took. By implying that statesmen should know what they needed to know, Socrates implied that every existing regime was defective, and that it had a duty to transform itself into something better—ultimately into the best regime. That, of course, implied a disloyalty to Athens sufficient to justify Socrates' execution. Yet Strauss did not think Socrates' teaching was utopian, in the sense that everyone should strive to introduce the best regime. Socrates confessed that he knew nothing, and that knowledge of ignorance is, or should be, moderating, if not humbling. Statesmanship informed by the awareness of ignorance is not likely to aim at final, much less at universal solutions, solutions which imply that we actually do know what we do not know. The best regime is not a political regime; it lives in speech and not in deed. But it *is* the best, and we need not transform the world in order to live there—we need only transform ourselves. No one who has experienced the magic of Leo Strauss's teaching can doubt that the best regime not only is possible, but that it has been actual. Nor can he doubt that whatever amelioration of our condition is possible will come about by the influence upon those who exercise political power of its spirit.

I have been asked to say a word about my own studies of Lincoln, and the American regime, in their relationship to Strauss. The most obvious connection is between Strauss's many expositions of Locke and Locke's massive influence upon America. Locke certainly represented modernity in its soberest form, although Strauss was careful to emphasize Locke's ultimate, if concealed, insobriety. But Strauss also thought that American politics at its best showed a practical wisdom that owed much to a tradition older than Locke. Indeed, Locke's esoteric teaching, which emphasized that older tradition, was taken with the greatest seriousness here. But the American regime was not formed only by Locke. Many a frontier log cabin, which had in it no philosophical works whatever, had the King James Bible—and Shakespeare. And Shakespeare was the great vehicle within the Anglo-American world for the transmission of an essentially Socratic understanding of the civilization of the West.

Classical Philosophy

Most American studies begin, and properly begin, with the Constitution. The Constitution does not define the regime, but it is the most public and visible expression of it. It is part of the defect of modern politics that it looks to the character of the law, more than to the character of the men who make and enforce the law, however intimate the connection between them necessarily is. However admirable the character of the American Constitution, it was not, I thought, the most admirable expression of the regime. The Constitution is the highest American thing, only if one tries to understand the high in the light of the low. It is high, because men are not angels, and because we do not have angels to govern us. Its strength lies in its ability to connect the interest of the man with the duty of the place. But the Constitution, in deference to man's non-angelic nature, made certain compromises with slavery. And partly because of those compromises, it dissolved in the presence of a great crisis. The man—or the character of the man—who bore the nation through that crisis, seemed to me—and Strauss gave me every encouragement to believe it—the highest thing in the American regime. The character of Lincoln became intelligible, not on the basis of *The Federalist*—profound as that work is—but on that of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. In the final analysis, not only American politics, but all modern politics, must be clarified on the basis of classical political philosophy. That is because "It is safer to try to understand the low in the light of the high than the high in the light of the low. In doing the latter one necessarily distorts the high, whereas in doing the former one does not deprive the low of the freedom to reveal itself fully as what it is."



We leave to others—more detached and more objective—the judgment of Strauss's place among the political philosophers. For us who have had the privilege of knowing him as a teacher and as a friend, we can only say that of the men we have known, he was the best, and the wisest, and the most just.

—HARRY V. JAFFA

IV.

NATIONAL REVIEW is justly called the leading conservative journal of the United States, and Leo Strauss was frequently called, I do not know how justly, a leading conservative. He was above all a thinker and I do not know to what extent his thought, or any genuine thought, can be understood as conservative. The question thus arises as to what extent the contents of NATIONAL REVIEW conform to the thought of Leo Strauss. It is only fitting and proper that the former appear before the bar of the latter. Journals produce journalism; thinkers produce thought; it would be unspeakable, and it would go against the grain of genuine conservatism, for thought to appear before the bar of journalism.

The fact that a question arises does not mean that an answer is ready at hand, if only because the better questions have the characteristic of being unanswerable. I do not know how, readily, to answer the question of the extent of the conformity of the contents of NATIONAL REVIEW to the thought of

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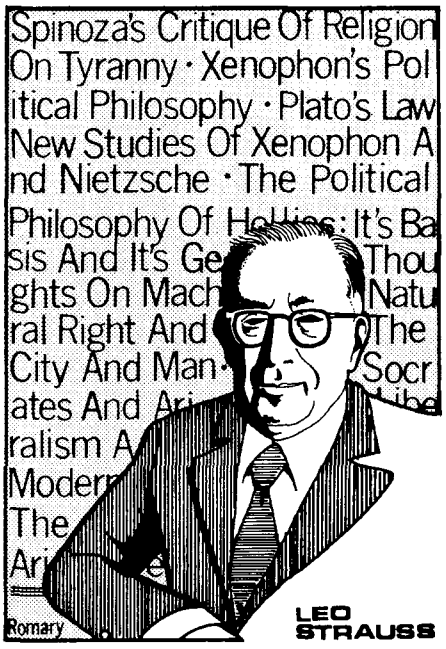
Leo Strauss, because I never asked him the question, because he is no longer here for me to ask him, and because he did not directly answer it in print. Leo Strauss was my teacher, a teacher whose like I do not expect to see again, and I greatly revered him. Precisely because I revered him, I am reluctant now to attempt to speak for him, especially because I was never among his best students or those closest to him.

Yet surely a journal honoring the memory of Leo Strauss deserves an attempt at a fair answer to the question of its relationship to his thought. I will therefore overcome my hesitation and scruples, it being clearly understood that I do not speak with certainty, let alone authority.

Leo Strauss taught us not to be afraid to begin our thinking by looking at the surface of things, so I begin with a most simple and superficial observation: Leo Strauss never contributed an article, or even a book review, to NATIONAL REVIEW. Why not? Many journals were closed to Leo Strauss because his views would have offended their sensibilities and prejudices, but I am certain that the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW were open to him and that its editors would have welcomed his views on almost any given issue. Why, then, did Leo Strauss not take advantage of this hospitality? One is tempted to answer that he eschewed journalism altogether, for a man who deals with perennial issues cannot be bothered with the issues of the day, but he did not eschew journalism altogether. For example, he did once contribute an article to *Commentary* and to *Chicago Review*. Leo Strauss was not a man to shirk his duties, so the question becomes why he never considered it his duty to enlighten the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW on the issues of the day. Could it be that on those issues he tended to agree with NATIONAL REVIEW and its readers and saw no point in speaking to the persuaded? I do not know but I suspect that this was to some extent the case.

My suspicions are buttressed by textual evidence. While Leo Strauss never wrote an article or a review for NATIONAL REVIEW, he did once write a letter to the editors. That letter, printed in full in the issue of January 5, 1957, begins as follows: "For some time I have been receiving NATIONAL REVIEW and I agree with many articles appearing in the journal. . . ." That was a long time ago, but I know of no reason why he would have had a different opinion of many articles subsequently appearing in NATIONAL REVIEW. He thought of philosophy as the unceasing attempt by the use of unassisted human reason to ascend from opinion to knowledge. As a teacher of philosophy, in my opinion the greatest of his time, he was a constant challenger of opinions that pretended to be more than opinions. As a teacher at American universities, he naturally took as the starting point for his philosophical quest, the opinions or orthodoxies dominating the American campus, and these opinions stemmed—and continue to stem—overwhelmingly from the Left. In exposing such opinions or dogmas as *mere* dogmas or opinions, Leo Strauss sometimes found



an ally in NATIONAL REVIEW. By showing that what many in the academy take as unquestioned truth is urgently in need of being questioned, NATIONAL REVIEW contributes to the liberation of the human mind.

Instructing Athens

Leo Strauss taught us to applaud such efforts, but he also taught us that one ought not to praise Athens to the Athenians. I will therefore honor the extent of NATIONAL REVIEW's affinity to the thought of Leo Strauss by attempting to point to some of the differences between the two. I take it that as genuine conservatives, the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW would rather be instructed than praised, especially when the instruction is in the spirit (as I will attempt to make it) of a source so obviously free of the partisanship of the Left. Leo Strauss was, to put it mildly, unquestionably free of such partisanship.

Leo Strauss agreed with "many articles" appearing in NATIONAL REVIEW, which is to say that he disagreed with some. The very letter from which I have quoted goes on to take NATIONAL REVIEW to task for its unqualified opposition to the state of Israel. Since 1957, to be sure, NATIONAL REVIEW has changed its position so that it can by no stretch of the imagination be characterized as one of unqualified opposition. Nevertheless, the letter is of interest not only because it contains lessons vital to conservatives, but because Leo Strauss was never completely satisfied with the position of NATIONAL REVIEW on Israel even in later years. Only a fool or a bigot would ignore that dissatisfaction because it came from a Jew proud of his Jewishness.

Some Conservatives

The Strauss letter is specifically about the state of Israel, but it does contain some seeds of a possible critique of the kind of conservatism to be found in NATIONAL REVIEW. I should repeat that I have no special authority to elaborate on those seeds and that I am not certain that the following criticisms of NATIONAL REVIEW's conservatism would have been made by Leo Strauss. I can only hope that they are generally in the spirit of his teachings.

First, conservatives tend toward murkiness regarding basic issues, whereas one of the major contributions of Leo Strauss to our time was to achieve greater clarity regarding basic issues. A conservative might be characterized as a man who believes that "everything good is heritage," but he is too often a man who knows too little about his heritage. Thoughtlessly identifying the good with the old, he tends to forget that on the lowest level the practices of the old included bloodletting and the burning of innocent people as witches, while on the highest level the old is an uneasy amalgam of things stemming from Athens with things stemming from Jerusalem. His thoughtlessness prevents his being a good defender of *either* Athens or Jerusalem and leads him to mistake platitudes for profundity. A

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man thoughtful about the old, like Leo Strauss, is no longer simply a conservative; at the very least, he is not a simple conservative.

Second, conservatives tend too often to be "concerned exclusively with calculations of success." That failure is in evidence not only in their positions on foreign policy issues but in their views on domestic issues as well. A conservative may well favor a commercial republic, but a man like Leo Strauss, who saw that commercial republics appeal to the low but solid ground of self-interest and who recognized that ground not only as solid but as *low*—such a man is no longer simply a conservative; at the very least, he is not a simple conservative.

Third, too many conservatives tend to be ill-tempered and mean-spirited. Justly appalled by the maudlin sentimentality that afflicts much of the Left, they tend to forget that the weak are not always deservedly weak nor the strong deservedly strong. Thus too many conservatives were for too long insensitive to the plight of beleaguered Israel, just as too many conservatives had been for too long insensitive to the plight of the poor. Such conservatives might do well to study what Aristotle and other classical political philosophers have to say about generosity, and they might reflect on the fact that Aristotle's moral and political philosophy can be said to reach its peak in his advocacy of friendship. A man who understands classical political philosophy—and I know of no man who understood it better than Leo Strauss—is no longer simply a conservative; at the very least, he is not a simple conservative.

Fourth, too many conservatives make of their conservatism an ideology. At its best, conservatism might be said to be a persuasion; at its worst, as ideology, it is decayed philosophy and thus the enemy of a genuinely philosophical stance. A philosopher is a man who contemplates the world and tends to let the world appear to him as it is. An ideologue, whether conservative or liberal, finds in the world what he thinks he ought to find in it. That conservatives can be doctrinaire could be seen from the fact, as Strauss suggested, that too many conservatives condemned Israel because it was supposedly run by labor unions. Even if that were true, he went on to argue, it would behoove conservatives to realize "that these same arrangements may have very different meanings in different circumstances." Is there not sufficient evidence that contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW, and presumably its approving readers, have not always displayed a flexibility of this kind? Should not the highest kind of conservatism be the very opposite of doctrinairism or dogmatism, and has NATIONAL REVIEW not sometimes fallen short of the highest kind of conservatism? One thinks of the journal's reluctance to admit the development of a genuine split between Russia and China, of its insistence that Goldwater really had a good chance in 1964, of its continual embittered sniping at Eleanor Roosevelt, of its failure fully to acknowledge that honorable liberals had been fighting Communism long before there even was a NATIONAL REVIEW to combat it—these and other examples might be cited to show that the contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW have not always shown they possessed a truly free mind. Leo Strauss did possess a truly free mind. To judge contributions to a journal by such standards may be to assure a result that emphasizes shortcomings, but a journal honoring the memory of Leo Strauss deserves to be judged by the highest standards.

High Standards

Finally, conservatives, being of the Right, have at times been too lax in condemning the excesses and idiocies of the Right. I am tempted to offer the generalization that no man can be honest in politics unless he is frequently embarrassed, and acutely embarrassed, by men on his own side of the political spectrum. Be that as it may, there is no question but that honest men of the Right must suffer great pain from the lunacies of the Far Right. I must hasten to add that in this respect NATIONAL REVIEW has, it seems to me, a good record. Thus it was not only necessary for William Buckley to castigate the John Birch Society; it was noble. Yet one wonders whether any journal ever really does enough to combat the excesses of its own side. Such wonder may again be a sign of judging a journal by impossibly high standards, of in effect asking it to be more than a journal, but it was not the least of Leo Strauss's many gifts to his students to teach them both to see things as they are *and* to judge them by "impossibly" high standards.

The standards of Leo Strauss were so high that he might be said to look at things human neither from the left nor the right but, in keeping with the wisest men of old, from above.* It is by acknowledging the existence of that "Above," by recognizing that the human things are not the highest things, that conservatives show their truest affinity to the teachings of Leo Strauss.

—WERNER J. DANNHAUSER

*See Joseph Cropsey, *Polity and Economy: An Interpretation of the Principles of Adam Smith* (1957), p. x.

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THE TAXPAYERS REVOLT

Remember the little girl and the daisy in the Goldwater campaign? Well that's pretty much what happened in California Nov. 6. But the idea was good, says Mr. Reagan, and its time is now if we are to continue free

Reflections on the Failure of Proposition #1

RONALD REAGAN

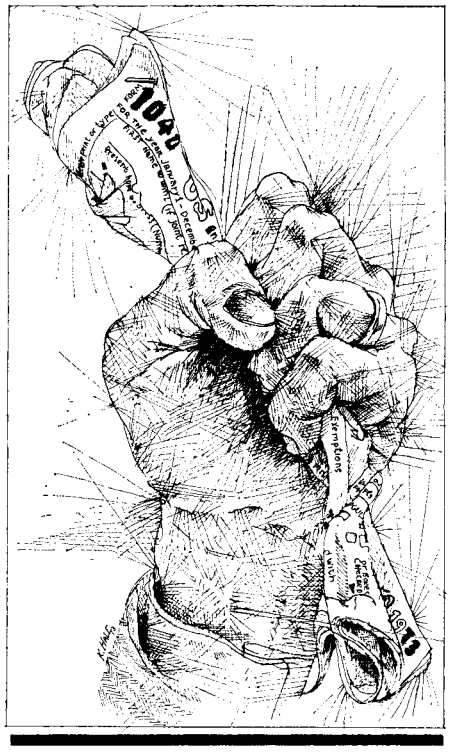
THE NOVEMBER election results demonstrate once again that the people of America are firmly opposed to the philosophy of bigger and bigger government and higher and higher taxes. In Washington state, an unpopular legislative salary increase was overwhelmingly rescinded along with a proposed state income tax. New York rejected a $3.5 billion transportation bond issue by a 3 to 2 margin. Texas and Rhode Island turned down legislative salary issues, and Kentucky rejected a proposal for annual legislative sessions.

The widespread taxpayers' revolt also was evident in California where almost every local school and salary issue was soundly defeated. One county even voted to reduce the salaries of county supervisors by $2,000. These types of fiscal issues provide the only opportunity citizens have directly to influence government's fiscal policy, to protest their staggering tax burden. They made the most of the opportunity.

The only statewide issue on the ballot in California was Proposition #1, an initiative to reduce state income taxes by 7.5 per cent in 1974. It also offered an historic opportunity permanently to reduce taxes at the state level by placing a constitutional limit on the percentage of the people's income the state could take in taxes. Almost two million people voted for Proposition #1. Yet it failed by 54 per cent to 46 per cent in an election in which about 45 per cent of the state's eligible voters participated.

Why?

Why did a majority of those voting turn down a chance to vote themselves lower taxes and how, in view of the result, can I or anyone include California among those states where the people believe the total structure of government has grown too big and too costly?



The answer to this apparent contradiction can be found in the election returns and in the campaign of distortion and falsehood waged against Proposition #1 by a well-financed, well-organized opposition which desperately avoided debating the central issue: whether taxes are too high now and whether the tax burden should be reduced.

The almost two million citizens who voted Yes on Proposition #1 knew they were voting against higher taxes. Ironically, a majority of those who voted No also believed they were voting against higher taxes. The last major public opinion survey on Proposition #1 (the Field poll) revealed that a majority was leaning toward a No vote. But it also disclosed that 69 per cent of those inclined to oppose Proposition #1 did so because they thought it would increase their tax burden.

Even though the measure was specifically designed to reduce state and local taxes and hold them down permanently, many voters were confused by the TV blitz and newspaper advertising campaign staged by the opposition.

In a way, the campaign strategy of the opposition paid the sincerest form of compliment to the goal of Proposition #1: lower taxes.

After repeatedly telling the people that the measure would limit government's ability to spend, that it would force government to hold down future budgets, after appealing to the fear of every possible special interest group, opponents finally keyed their campaign to the false claim that it would increase, not reduce, taxes. They dared not campaign against what they knew would be the ultimate impact of Proposition #1: a realistic and workable limit on the growth of government to keep taxes from going up faster than the incomes of the people who pay them.

The defeat of Proposition #1 can't be translated into a victory for advocates of higher taxes and unlimited government growth. It was a victory for political demagoguery, a triumph for the unsubstantiated charge that sounds convincing in a thirty-second television commercial but which does more to confuse than inform.

It is an axiom of politics that when people are confused about an issue, many will vote No. They'll opt for the status quo, or not vote at all. On November 6, a sufficient number of California voters were confused enough about the impact of Proposition #1 to

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turn back possibly the most significant effort made in this century to bring government under some reasonable degree of financial restraint. Some of them voted No; others simply stayed home.

In California, this kind of cynicism could be justified. Too often in the past, the people have been promised tax relief or more efficient government, but only on condition that a particular measure be adopted or that government be given some new power or authority to change a previous budgetary restriction. Somehow the promises never materialize; the tax relief the people are told will be theirs is an illusion. Somehow, after the election, a great emergency is discovered, an unforeseen "need" that requires more revenue and more government, not less.

Since 1967

When I took office in 1967, we discovered that the promise of "no tax increases" could not be carried out. California was virtually insolvent, the previous administration having changed that state's system of budgetary bookkeeping in a way that allowed the spending of 15 months' revenue in twelve months' time, thus avoiding a major tax increase in election year 1966. The state government was spending $1 million a day more than it was collecting.

California, unlike the Federal Government, cannot print more money or pile up deficits. The governor is required to submit a balanced budget, and if any additional taxes are needed to balance revenues with spending, the constitution requires the governor to propose higher taxes.

So our first major lesson in government was painful: for the taxpayers and for us. We had to increase taxes by some $800 million to balance the unbalanced budget we inherited. At the time, I said we hoped this would be temporary, that when we had had time to institute reforms, to curb excessive spending, we would work to reduce the tax burden.

I believed that government could be run more economically using the same sound rules and principles that apply to the running of a business or even a household budget. The phrase "cut, squeeze, and trim" became the watchword of our administration and the result has confirmed my belief that the cost of government can be brought under control.

A task force of businessmen surveyed the state government and recommended almost two thousand steps to streamline it. Every reform, every challenge to the bureaucratic status quo brought screams of outrage, protests, and demonstrations. But contrary to the claims of the protesting groups, these economies did not curtail the state's ability to finance those programs which are properly government's responsibility. It made possible greater state support along with lower taxes.

In seven years we've managed to increase state support for public schools by 92 per cent, although enrollment this year is less than 6 per cent greater than it was in 1967. The state scholarship fund, which helps eligible young people attend college, totals more than $36 million this year, almost eight times higher than when we started.

California has pioneered the concept of treating the mentally ill with an expanded system of community mental health programs. When we started, the budget for community treatment was $18 million. This year it is more than $140 million and California's shift from the "warehousing of the mentally ill" in large state mental institutions has become a model for the nation.

No one objected to increased state support in these areas. But the economies that made them possible were vehemently opposed. When we sought to rebate budget surpluses, there were hysterical charges that fiscal chaos would result.

Before 1967, California homeowners were protesting an excessive property tax burden. But there could be no relief until economy and efficiency in government made relief possible. In 1968, we adopted a $750 homeowners' property tax exemption and this was raised to $1,750 last year (after a four year struggle), along with a revised school formula that rolled back local school tax rates and gave the schools the greatest single-year increase of state support in history. For most taxpayers, this has meant a saving of between $150 and $200 in their annual property tax bill.

We've tried to spread the benefit of more efficient government to all taxpayers. There have been tax credits for tenants (in lieu of property tax reductions); we've cut the business inventory tax in half and reduced bridge tolls eleven times.

Possibly our greatest success was in welfare reform. When I proposed this in 1971 the Democratic majority wouldn't even let me present the plan to a joint session. We were told there would be a $700 million budget deficit. There were dire predictions of fiscal chaos, charges that the state was simply shifting the burden to local government, and massive protests by welfare-rights groups that claimed the elimination of abuses and fraud in welfare would deprive the truly needy of help they should receive.

Welfare Reform

None of these things happened. When we started, California's welfare rolls were growing by forty thousand a month and costs were increasing three times as fast as the normal growth of state revenues (without increased taxes). At last count, there were 386,835 fewer people on welfare than when we began. We've managed to increase benefits for the truly needy by almost 30 per cent and provide cost of living adjustments for senior citizens and the disabled. Now the cost of welfare is between $1 and $2 billion less than the opponents of reform said it would be. These welfare reforms have since been adopted by a number of other states, and several of those capable and dedicated officials who helped achieve them have been recruited by the Nixon Administration to help reform welfare on a national basis.

There was no tax shift to local government. In the year after welfare reform, 42 of California's 58 counties reduced their basic tax rates. This year, 45 reduced their tax rates, most of them for the second year in a row. Instead of a $700 million budget deficit, we had an $800 million surplus this year. As opposed to 1967, we were collecting $1.5 million a day more than we needed and we wanted to return this to the people.

More than a year ago, while we were pushing property tax reform, I organized a task force to survey the entire structure of government, to discover how, without curtailing essential services, the tax burden could be permanently reduced. This task force included some of the nation's most distinguished economists, men like Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago, Peter Drucker of Claremont College, C. Lowell Harriss of Columbia University and

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the Tax Foundation, Roger Freeman of the Hoover Institution, and James Buchanan of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Along with members of my own cabinet and staff, this task force worked for more than seven months. They discovered that taxes are the one exception to Newton's law of gravity. They always go up, in good times and bad, in periods of prosperity or recession.

In 1930, the total cost of government (federal, state, and local) was about 15 per cent of the personal income of the United States. This year, in California, the total cost is 44.7 per cent and a fraction less in the rest of the country. Of this total, the state was taking about 8.75 per cent. Along with a return of the $800 million surplus, we asked the task force to devise a way permanently to reduce this percentage, to provide lasting tax relief to the people of California. The result of their work was the tax initiative we offered November 6.

Because of inflation and population growth, we know government revenues must be permitted to expand to meet essential needs. Yet we were convinced that this could be done while gradually reducing the total tax burden. In the past twenty years in California, the cost of state government has been growing 10 per cent a year but the total income of the people has been going up only 7.7 per cent. The result has been periodic tax increases and a steady upward growth in the percentage of the people's income going for taxes.

Proposition #1 Goals

Proposition #1 was designed to bring government spending into balance with the growth of revenues. The key features were:

→ An immediate 7.5 per cent state income tax reduction in 1974 income,

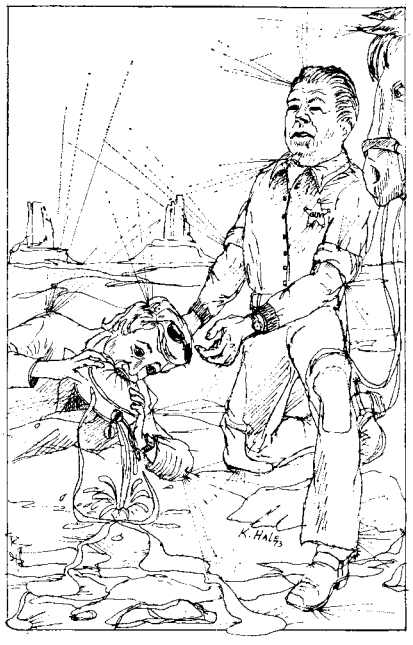
→ The total and permanent elimination of the state income tax for all families earning $8,000 a year or less, and, most important,

→ Adoption of a tax limit by imposing a ceiling on the growth of state revenues, which would slowly reduce the 8.75 per cent of personal income the state takes to a level of around 7 per cent over a period of 15 years.

Unless something is done to check government's unlimited power to tax, California's state budget will grow from this year's $9.3 billion to a staggering $47 billion by 1989.

Still opponents of our proposal charged we sought to impose a fiscal straitjacket on state government that would force massive cuts for education, for mental health, for almost every item in the budget—even though the budget could have doubled in ten years and tripled in 15 under Proposition #1, and funds for education, mental health, and all other essential programs could have grown at the same rate.

At the same time, California could have planned tax reduction on an orderly basis as a part of our budgeting process. In five years, we could have cut income taxes another 25 per cent



or trimmed a penny from the sales tax; in ten years the income tax reduction could have been 60 per cent, or we could have cut two cents off the sales tax.

The legislature would have retained its full authority to revise the tax structure, to raise or lower specific taxes, to do anything it does now with one important exception: Any future tax increases above the limit would have to be ratified by the people. This provision, more than any other, generated the greatest alarm in the bureaucracy which knew full well that if the people ever get veto power on excessive spending, the days of spendthrift government are over.

One legislator complained to me that returning the $800 million surplus would be "an unnecessary expenditure of public funds." Another said Proposition #1 would restrict government's ability to redistribute the income of the people through taxes. That was one of the few completely accurate statements the opposition made during the campaign, but they didn't make it outside the legislative chambers.

Almost every group which derives status, income, and power from bigger government joined the ranks of the opposition, including the state teachers association, the state employees association, welfare groups. Opponents said our tax reduction plan would favor the rich. The truth is: State income taxes would have been permanently eliminated for every family earning less than $8,000 a year. They said it contained no guaranteed tax reduction. Yet the constitutional amendment specifically said that every year for 15 years, the percentage of the people's income that state government could take in taxes must be reduced either through a rebate or reduced taxes. They said it would increase local taxes. The truth is: Proposition #1 would have written into the constitution the same tax limits on local government contained in our 1972 property tax reform. This protection would be guaranteed, not simply by a law, but by constitutional language that only the people could change.

One of the most blatant falsehoods of the campaign was a statement that Proposition #1 would have authorized the legislature to permit the levying of local income taxes by any governmental unit "from counties to mosquito abatement districts." The truth is: The legislature has that authority now and can do so by a simple majority vote. Proposition #1 would have made it harder; it would have required a two-thirds vote for any local income tax (something we haven't presently in California).

But truth is a fragile weapon in a heated campaign. It can be ignored or twisted and distorted until the average citizen, unfamiliar with government finance, finds himself totally confused. When we proposed the California revenue control and tax reduction program in February, we offered it along with a plan to return our $800 million surplus through another 20 per cent income tax rebate in 1973 and a six months' suspension of one penny of the state sales tax.

The legislative majority, controlled by those who would later lead the fight against Proposition #1, blocked the plan. It didn't get past the first commit-

(Continues on page 1370)

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Radical Styles

The lectern is a jaded young thing. Lift the tail, it has no gender. Yet they rush at it, aroused and drunk with instinct: luna moths drawn to a mate across the wide forest night. Stage center there's a funerary contraption. Someone's hall umbrella stand, made deciduous for the evening, autumnal leaves strewn beneath. Just above, an immense banner of Allende and Neruda, jowl to jowl. Crude as an exclamation point. Could be the sketch for a 1940s MGM film poster, "Salvador's Back and Pablo's Got Him!" Probably the poet wears glasses. I don't know which is which. And don't much care: They're both dead. But it's fun to watch the live ones. The American Communist first string is here and they have their way with the lectern in all 78 positions. A speakers' *Kama Sutra* at Town Hall.

Angela Davis. Haven't been this let down since I swore off blind dates. Angela is not beautiful. Sharklike, she has doubled rows of teeth, her bite so erratic it could punch out Brahms' "Lullaby" on a music roll. She suffocates the lectern, doing athletic push-ups on it. Her skull lolls left-right, broken-necked, under the big Afro hair dryer. Angela screams, but her emphases are random, crazed. She'll hit "the" in "the people's revolution." Only Spanish names excite her. She pronounces like a Berlitz record: "Pahb-lo. Ney-roo-dahh! Chill-leh!" Her *r*s come from the Elmer Fudd school of elocution. Angela hasn't one damn thing to say. I'm astonished: a blank. The light of intelligence in her eyes couldn't power your kid's bed lamp.

The old labor union vice president. A face out of early Dos Passos. He doesn't raise his voice; it's the cruel, pragmatic tone of back-alley shakedowns. A one night stand with the lectern; he loiters against it, eyes over one shoulder, a cabbie back for change. "Chilean workers took over their factories and ran them well. Another myth exploded. We don't need bosses." He accuses the AFL-CIO of delinquency. Seems Allende got lapped by Monday Night Football in the ratings. Points to the platform, "We have UN delegates here." Six distinguished gentlemen rise: anonymous, but there is Asian geography in their facial structure. Tartar cheekbones; folded, butterscotch eyelids; a blue turban fat as Angela's Afro. Applause. "Go home and tell your union delegates. There's a fascist hoontah in Chile." Applause. Around me: Two dozen old ladies tap uncalloused hands together, genteel as an opera claque. Going home to poodles and Persians and rent-controlled East Side apartments. Old people 15 rows deep. Come graduation, the Big Red Machine's going to lose a lot of starters.

And it's an old Communism. Romantic, effete. Che had something else in mind. Hell, they still recite poetry: McLuhan would laugh. Better install prose with flush johns in Latin America. You got to be sorry for Allende. San Salvador's big moment and they put him on a double bill. Stick a machine gun muzzle in your mouth—even then they can't trust you to fill the hall by yourself. A passionate young woman recites Neruda love lyrics in Spanish, giving the lectern quick feels as light projects a fleet rainbow through the spray of her saliva. It goes on and on. Blue Turban falls asleep. Here and there people laugh to prove they understand Spanish. A man-wife acting team recites Neruda in method English. Angela seems depressed; she'd like a grenade. This is Neanderthal stuff. But Communism has aged: It's nostalgic, bitter-sweet: It now keeps scrapbooks, pressed roses, locks of hair. You can't make a revolution in meter or in sleazy Town Hall, dank with a ghost choir of third-rate Irish tenors.

Gus Hall. His face is one-sided: as if stricken on the right by a party-line cerebral hemorrhage. Hall is large; the word "strapping" seems particularly serviceable. He has a ward heeler's cockiness: half brigand, half gentleman. It's dated, out of the scrapbook. Hall surprises me: He's crass and tough and good. He murders Agnew: "A bigoted lout has hit the dust. Spiro, the moral man . . . the prince of law and order . . . the defender of neighborhood schools" (pause) ". . . especially if he could award the contracts." All one-liners; a *Tonight* routine. Hall half-Nelsons the lectern; slugs at its pressure points. But his most vitriolic shots are intramural. "To those on the Left who in three years of the Popular Unity Government have not lifted one of their grubby fingers in the defense of the Chilean revolution . . . to you we ex-

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press our utter contempt." It is the Memorial Tribute's second theme. Allende got in democratically; he died of inflation. The activist American Left, to whom revolution means gunfire, was never much taken by Salvador. He was a bureaucrat, not a guerrilla. Applause. Hall is entertaining. I hadn't expected it.

An Episcopal minister glides forward. I guess right: time for the offertory. Near my seat a videotape camera pans around. Middle-aged women wearing inch-thick Supp-hose rush down the aisle. A security black explains, "She's making a documentary." "I don't care what she's making, she got my picture." Popular Front songs crackle, stop over the p.a., jerky as a sound track for musical chairs. Onstage the collection plate is shoved at Gus Hall. Gus shakes his big head, smiles, mutters. Probably he gave at the office.

You can watch a saint being put together; it's something like macramé work. Fidel Castro's "Heroic Death of Salvador Allende" (otherwise known as "Up from Suicide") gets passed around Town Hall. Listen to the hagiofactory clank. "An explosion shattered the windows . . . and he was wounded in the back by fragments of glass. This was the first wound he suffered." For the faithful: Stations of the Cross. And for those who take the Molotov cocktails straight, "Then the President performed one of his greatest feats. He crawled to his office under fire, took a bazooka, aimed at a tank on Morandé Street and put it out of action with a direct hit." Salvador Allende is shaping up nicely. In a Communist Gospel these days, the Prince of Peace is played by Audie Murphy. □

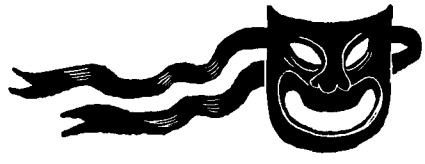
FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

American Odyssey

Europe's passage to America in the nineteenth century represented one of history's greatest migrations: The poor, the tired, the huddled masses Emma Lazarus wrote about, voting with their feet, leaving behind the vestigial feudalism of the old country, transformed the United States into that pot whose melting propensities we yet debate and of which we may eventually despair. Curiously, American film has rarely given masterly expression to this unparalleled phenomenon. But this year and last, a young Swedish director, Jan Troell, set out to document the European conditions inspiring that desire for escape, carrying the emigrants from homeland through the ocean passage and to the new land, there to follow their progress, their heartbreaks, glories, accommodations.

The Emigrants, issued late last year (and reviewed in *NR*, January 5, 1973), was the first half of Troell's epic—an



overworked term, granted, but fitting for this masterpiece derived from Vilhelm Moberg's four-volume novel. Now *The New Land* has arrived, a glorious, stunning conclusion to his two-part, five-hour chef-d'oeuvre. Once again, Troell's hand is everywhere: He directed, edited, co-authored, and is credited with the cinematography. Like *The Emigrants*, *The New Land*, which begins in 1850, utilizes a stately pace, an unhurried exposition of themes and developments, a camera *seeing*, not just looking at, a fine Swedish family adjusting to the settlement, as earlier to the departure and voyage, a metamorphosis of the subjugated into the free. The United States was in fact, not just in theory, the promised land for Europe's discontenteds, although, as Troell makes abundantly clear, it was also a hell for the Negro, and a cheat, a betrayal, a degradation of the lustrous rhetoric for much of the Indian population. Troell preaches nothing, he brings (I believe) no rigid ideological passion to this stupendous cinema achievement, he tells not only universal truths but the particular truths of the American experiment, and his movie succeeds as has no comparable film before.

As Karl Oskar and his wife Kristina, Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann carve out a new life for themselves and their endlessly growing family of towheads. Karl Oskar's young brother Robert, acted by the sound engineer Eddie Axberg, served in *The Emigrants* as the focus of expectations, his articulation of youth's yearning aspirations providing a remarkable vibrancy. In *The New Land*, Robert strikes out for California, leaving Minnesota, where the others have settled; and his experiences in the West crush him. He returns to Minnesota to die, to be buried by Karl Oskar, whose coffin-making serves as a recurring and sobering vignette throughout both halves of Troell's work.

Death there was, plentifully, of settlers massacred, of Indians executed, and of Kristina and her last child. Karl Oskar lives on until the 1890s. In the concluding scene, one of devastating simplicity, a neighbor's voice-over reads a letter, shown on screen in Swedish, to the folks back home, telling of Karl Oskar's death; Karl Oskar's progeny have all forgotten Swedish and have entirely Americanized. There is the glory and the tragedy of that experience, as in most other immigrant tales in American history: the assimilation, but also the divorce from roots. Troell's monumental effort achieves total success, a unique moment in the history of film.

After which, this month's other films pale by comparison. Yet two are quite fine. François Truffaut's *Day for Night*, a charming paean to the cinema, confirms again, if confirmation be needed,

the wry talents of this genial French director. A cast of characters assemble in Nice to make a movie to be called *Meet Pamela*, which is about a man who falls in love with his son's wife. The actors do not merge into their roles in *Meet Pamela*, but their troubles, affairs, asides, juxtaposed to the action of *Meet Pamela*, provide the ironic context for *Day for Night*; the title, incidentally, refers to a technique whereby scenes shot in daylight appear to be made at night, owing to a special camera filter.

Again and again, Truffaut has used the fragile Jean-Pierre Léaud for his befuddled young men. In 1959, *The 400 Blows* introduced Léaud as a winsome boy blown about by circumstances; here Léaud is a spoiled dream-

David Brudnoy *is teaching a course in "The Conservative Dilemma in Contemporary America" at Harvard.*

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er mired in puppy love, and also the young husband of *Meet Pamela*. His father and mother are played by Jean-Pierre Aumont and Valentina Cortese, and his wife by Jacqueline Bisset, all tightly controlled by Truffaut but relatively uncontrollable by "Ferrand," Truffaut's alter-ego, the director of *Meet Pamela*, acted, of course, by Truffaut. *Day for Night* is a light film, lusciously so.

Jeremy is even lighter, featherweight, in fact. But this tale of adolescent love in Spraypaint Village, albeit inconsequential, is notable for its acting, its director's love of New York City, and its positive orientation. Quite simply, a young boy—"well-rounded," as the cliché goes—who loves the cello and basketball, and who is determined to make the most of his blessings (intelligence, money, and a solid family life), meets a newcomer to his school, a beautiful young girl deeply into dance. He craves her from afar, but wins her only after she has thrilled to his cello playing. They court, they fall in love, they make love, circumstances separate them; finis. Written and directed by Arthur Barron, *Jeremy* stars two winning newcomers, Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. If the viewer believes that messages belong at Western Union, *Jeremy* will enchant; if not, stay clear, because there is no significance here whatsoever, no context, no viewpoint other than that of kids tasting sex and affection for the first time; but, aw gee, it is lovely, and smoothly made, and nowadays ninety minutes of *up* is worth three bucks, given the usual cinema fare. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Tuscan Summer

The little house I was living in last August is an old Tuscan farmhouse on a grassy terrace planted in grapevines and olives on a hillside not far from the medieval walled town of Cortona. It overlooks a plain where teams of white oxen (or rather cows, for cows produce salable calves) plow through fields where the corn and wheat stubble has been cleared by the simple old expedient of burning it off. The cows' size and whiteness is amazing, and so are their big, melting eyes; no wonder Homer called Juno the cow-eyed goddess.

The four-room house was converted for modern, though modest, living by making a few windows in the yellowish grey walls, putting in the usual amenities, and scooping out the attached stone bake-oven to make a little room which holds just one bed and a chair. It isn't one of the big, fortresslike farms of the region, which are often grouped around a tower. The tower habit must be a carryover from Florence, for the earlier inhabitants of that city always included a tower in their palazzi in which to retire during their constant quarrels. One such farm, half a mile away, is the nearest neighbor, with great, sloping haystacks in a courtyard where geese, ducks, and chickens scratch for the wheat that had been threshed earlier. The farmer's wife provided chickens; the storebought chickens of America had made me forget what free-ranging birds taste like, when dribbled with olive oil, for a crisp skin, and then roasted with little branches of rosemary tucked between their legs and wings. The man who invented factory-bred chickens will have to explain his crime to his Maker and take his just punishment.

The summer was full of excitements. First, there was the tragedy of the well that did not give enough water. The well digger was also a dowser, called *radomante* in Italian, and he had come to dowse the previous year, swearing that the water would be plentiful. It wasn't, and when I left, in spite of endless conversations, the question of whether he should drill another well or take no payment for the well already drilled was still up in the air, there to remain for heaven knows how long. Then, I coped with the toilet. First, it wasted water which we could ill afford to lose, and when fixed it yielded no water at all. Finally, after my driving down the valley every morning at 7:00 for ten days, to beseech the plumber, he turned up one Saturday night at 11:30 and did a marvelous job.

All this, however, was small change compared to the forest fires. Every year, at least half of the Italian countryside goes up in flames, to make for more erosion, more shortage of water, more loss of wildlife, and more speculative real estate development. You can't develop forest land, but you can develop cleared land, and so fires are frequently set by interested parties. They are also set by careless picnickers and drivers throwing lit cigarettes out of their automobiles, and by people driven by spite against their neighbors; all very easy, since the country is usually bone dry in August. For about a week, we had watched the fires wandering over the wooded mountainsides, and wondering whether one would come our way. It did, slowly but surely, in the woods which surround the triangle-shaped property. Much to my surprise, there are fire departments as well as fire fighters in rural Tuscany. The first look after the houses and the second try to put out the forest fires. They seldom succeed since they are few in number and seldom equipped with more than shovels and axes when helicopters full of fire-fighting chemicals would be needed.

One morning, as the fire crept nearer through the underbrush, several jeep loads of young firemen in military fatigues turned up amidst much excitement to look at the house. Three of them stayed with us for about 56 hours, waiting for the fire to come near enough to stop it by chopping down trees and setting them on fire, a measure known as *controfuoco* (backfire), which generally does work, provided there is not too strong a wind or too violent a fire. The fire finally came to within 15 yards of the house and they started the *controfuoco*. Unfortunately, the fire-engine waterreservoir used in the country could not come up our tiny, rough road, so that we had to wet the doors and windows and whatever was wooden by hand, cursing the well digger for not having given us enough water for a hose. The farm houses themselves seldom burn since they are made entirely of stone, but you have to prevent the fire from getting in to burn the ceiling beams, which are old and dry. I had packed work notes for a book, clothes, and household linens and put them in the car just in case, and since I did not want the

(Continues on page 1369)

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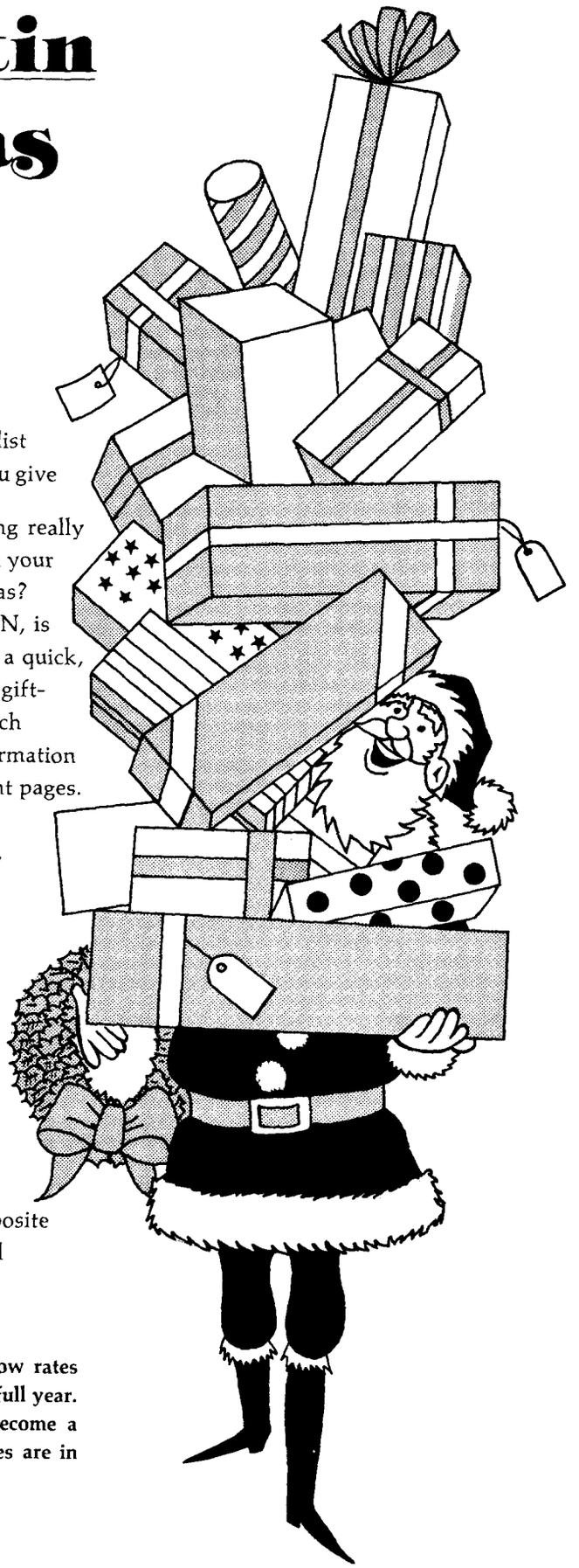

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BOOKS

The Camera Eye

CHARLES NICOL

The Fourteenth Chronicle: Letters and Diaries of John Dos Passos
Edited by Townsend Ludington
Gambit, 662 pp., $12.50

The conventional legend has it that John Dos Passos (1896-1970) was first an aesthete, then a fellow traveler, and then a conservative. Indeed, starting as a Harvard poet he soon wrote polemics on the pages of the Communist-dominated *New Masses*; and late in life he wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW. But in politics as in literature, Dos Passos was both quite straightforward and highly complex—in neither did he change as much as these shifting alliances might suggest. Actually the most marked aspect of Dos Passos' progress was his slow rapprochement with America.

His childhood left him an alien in his own country. Although his parents were a loving couple in a respectable milieu, they could not marry until their son was in his teens (because his father's first wife was insane and consequently could not legally be divorced; eventually she died). Only during their long travels in Europe could his parents openly act as man and wife, so Dos Passos grew up on the continent, with a wide view and a non-American accent. This lack of a home became his own habit as well; traveling on his own involved an amazing number of trips to some staggeringly exotic locales.

The first letters here are descriptions of Europe and analyses of history written, with touching formality, to his elderly parents back in the States. He was 15, clearly intelligent but very much a schoolboy—one would have to look very hard for evidence of a budding writer. But even then he was a ravenous reader. His Harvard years were literary and uneventful; he was fond (at least in his letters) of taking long walks in the woods, a book of poetry in his hand.

Then, like his college friend E. E. Cummings and his later friend Ernest Hemingway, Dos Passos served in the ambulance corps on the Italian front in the last year of the First World War. He was 21; his parents were both dead; he was a pacifist seeing the war. Only now did his letters abruptly take on the style and power of his later writing, and the editor has wisely chosen to draw a fifth of this large book from those 14 months in 1917-1918. Dos Passos now learned to his own satisfaction that there was no bitterness toward the enemy at the front lines; that soldiers fought because they were sent to do so; that the bureaucrats of every country were the real enemy:

> I talked to a pleasant Italian from Tunis, who said that the only good thing the war had brought had been—that people in the allied countries had traveled about and got to know and like each other—That is probably true—for though as a mass the allies hate each other worse than poison—individually—countless bonds have been struck up—between people of different nations. They've learnt to a certain degree that everything and everybody's human, 'cept the government.

He felt that everywhere "modern industrial overorganization" was "crushing the soul and mind." Liberty was at stake and change was imperative.

Yet Dos Passos' sympathies were never tuned to the machinations of politics. They were always reserved for the lone individual. One sentence in an essay by Martin Kallich sums up his whole political life: "Don Passos' libertarianism is generally anarchist in character." Searching for answers he became a radical, but a radical without a program for reform. His distrust of dogma and bureaucracy kept him from joining the Communist Party while they joined the same protests, for his causes were always personal, individual struggles: an 18-year-old arrested for contributing a supposedly indecent poem to the *New Masses*; Sacco and Vanzetti (his spiritual brothers, anarchist immigrants toward whose defense he contributed immense amounts of time); an artist held by the Spanish fascists; an American member of the brigades executed by the Communist secret police of the Spanish loyalists; the coal miners in Kentucky; workers oppressed by their own unions; a friend accused of being subversive by the House Un-American Activities Committee. These causes span nearly thirty years, and always Dos Passos fought against the powers that be; he discovered early that the CP was one of the worst of those powers.

IN THE Thirties he suffered recurrent bouts of rheumatic fever. He married. Money became a constant problem. He began to read Thomas Jefferson and found the American solutions he needed, for "foreign ideologies" were clearly not the answer to America's problems. His wife died and he married again, becoming a father for the first time at 54. Like the Founding Fathers, he tried the country life, on the banks of the Potomac, a small farmer in the American tradition.

His novels were never popular, but

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for a time they had been influential—especially the *U.S.A.* trilogy. Here a vast number of characters from all social classes are portrayed against the background of contemporary history, with interspersed biographies (often of extraordinary power and beauty—it is amazing that one could write so well about Henry Ford), poetry, and two especially innovative procedures: the "Newsreel," which presents a collage of contemporary headlines, and the "Camera Eye," a subjective, stream-of-consciousness approach to the era. The trilogy remains a dazzling literary landmark.

It would be easy to say that as Dos Passos became more conservative he lost the interest of the liberal press, that his later works did not receive the attention they deserved; the accusation has some merit. But literary fashions also changed. Other naturalistic writers like the old Theodore Dreiser and the young James T. Farrell received the same treatment. Critics were less enamored of the idea of the "collective novel," and complained of shallow, stereotyped characters—the almost inescapable problem for all naturalistic fiction, which seeks to capture an age through representative men. Objectivity itself began to seem less important than psychological depth. Dos Passos' method of "generating the insides of the characters by external description" (as he described it in a letter to Edmund Wilson) started to lose ground. And for a while the novels were indeed weaker. Still, his last novel, *Midcentury* (published in 1961), shows all the old power but seems to have dropped from sight without leaving a ripple on the surface of contemporary literature. It deserved a bigger splash, a better fate.

THESE letters show a kind, honest, intelligent man, and a good writer. He sent out much of his correspondence while traveling, when it was difficult to work on his own literary projects. He enjoyed abruptly joining a camel caravan through the desert, or suddenly taking off without a map on a walking tour through the Russian mountains. His epistolary arguments with Edmund Wilson reveal a powerful set of literary and political opinions, while the letters to and about Ernest Hemingway form a complete portrait of that writer's extremely competitive, jealous, but often generous personality.

Always brooding over contemporary history, Dos Passos often rushed into it headlong. When he finally seized the American past as his own as well, he wrote a number of historical studies worth reading on their own merits. He must have felt himself a part of history then, an old man with something to say but with few listeners. □

Charles Nicol *teaches at Indiana State University.* . . . **Aram Bakshian** *and* **Ronald de Feo** *are frequent contributors to this magazine.* . . . **Geoffrey Wagner** *teaches at the City College of New York.*

Evelyn Waugh and His World
Edited by David Pryce-Jones
Little, Brown, 248 pp., illus., $12.95

PORTRAIT OF AN OUTSIDER

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Evelyn Waugh has been dead now since April 1966 but, with the recent publication of parts of his diary—carefully edited with British libel laws in mind—the great satirist has managed to strike a number of rapier and hatchet blows from beyond the grave. I can remember looking around me at White's a few months ago and spotting several of the minor targets of his wrath. I also remember wondering if their fellow member, Evelyn, had ever really fitted in at this most exclusive of St. James's clubs. Probably not, for there is a natural ease and grace about most members of White's which even Waugh's most ardent admirers have never claimed for their idol.

As is usually the case with the sharpest observers of any class or era, Waugh was something of an outsider in the society he so brilliantly caricatured. His achievements in the realm of letters—and a number of personal ties developed at Oxford and later in English high society—finally gained him admittance into this charming hothouse world, but they never quite succeeded in making a gentleman of him. There was an ugly, snarling streak in the little man's nature that made it impossible.

None of this counters the delight to be drawn from his novels, clouded though they are by occasional moments of dark disgust. To some, myself included, Waugh may well be the greatest British novelist of this century. Certainly, he was one of the best satirists of any era, and the publication of his rather nasty diaries has improved his standing in the latter category.

Evelyn Waugh and His World is a pleasant product of the resultant boomlet and, whatever your feelings about the man, those who enjoyed his books will certainly also enjoy this collection of varied glimpses of their creator. It is a tribute to Waugh's talent that none of the 16 prominent contributors to the volume questions his literary standing, though a number of them came in for rough handling while he lived and others have been the butt of posthumous insults.

LIKE many others with too easy a gift for sarcasm, Waugh fired many painful shots with no intention of wounding. One ironic side effect of this wholesale verbal brutality was the fact that anyone he dealt with in even a minimally decent way seems to have decided that Waugh was his best friend. Several of the contributors to the present volume fall into that category and their praise would probably strike Waugh as a trifle overripe and over-apologetic.

The most effective contributions, notably those by the Earl of Birkenhead and Peter Quennell, are by people who knew him well enough but had no special claim to lasting friendship. Quennell's account of Waugh at Oxford and Birkenhead's hilarious narrative of the Yugoslavian military mission composed of himself, Waugh, and that great noise Randolph Churchill are outstanding. Quennell remembers Waugh at Oxford as a roisterous but not at all embittered youth and Waugh himself wrote of that period of his life that "my absurdities were those of exuberance and naiveté not of spurious sophistication." That came afterward, and the transformation from boyish brashness to mature malevolence which emerges from the later pages of this book is hardly edifying.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Julius Epstein's *Operation Keelhaul* should be the definitive work on forced repatriation of Soviet exiles—and how the West plays along (Devin-Adair, $8.95). . . . Frank Mankiewicz is also for impeachment, as he makes *Perfectly Clear* (Quadrangle, $8.95).

■ JANUARY TITLES: Catholic scholar Thomas Molnar weighs in with *God and the Knowledge of Reality* for Basic ($10). . . . A big one from Rexford Guy Tugwell, *The Emerging Constitution* (Harper, $20). The same house offers *James Madison: A Biography in His Own Words*, edited by Merrill D. Peterson ($15), and *God's Machine Gun*, an unflattering portrait of Billy Graham, by Robert Lecky ($8.95). . . . *Coping: On the Practice of Government* is a collection of occasional pieces by Daniel P. Moynihan (Random, $10).

■ LOOKING TOWARD FEBRUARY: Peter F. Drucker's *Management Tasks, Responsibilities, Practices* is a big one from Harper ($15). The same house offers *Great Tom: Notes towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot* by former *Time* editor T. S. Matthews ($8.95). . . . Ex-*NR* staffer David Franke uses FBI figures to seek out *America's 50 Safest Cities* (Arlington, $7.95). The same house is reissuing *NR* contributor Henry Hazlitt's *The Failure of the "New Economics"* ($9.95). . . . Yale is publishing Brooks Mather Kelley's *Yale* ($15). . . . In case you haven't had your fill, there's *The Pat Loud Story* by herself and Nora Johnson (Coward, $6.95). . . . *Times to Remember* is Rose Kennedy's memoirs (Doubleday, $10). . . . With apologies to Kevin Phillips, Lanny J. Davis writes about *The Emerging Democratic Majority* (Stein & Day, $8.95). . . . Bill Buckley proposes *Four Reforms* (Putnam, $4.95). The same house offers *Voices: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman* by Merle Miller and David Elliott ($6.95).

Harry (*How You Can Profit from the Coming Devaluation*) Browne now affirms that *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis* (Macmillan, $7.95). . . . *Sweetheart* is a life of Mary Pickford by Robert Windeler (Praeger, $7.95). . . . *Winston S. Churchill: His Complete Speeches 1897-1963* runs to eight volumes, 2,500 speeches, and $185 (Bowker). . . . *Drew Pearson: Diaries 1949-1959* is an outsized volume from Holt ($15). The same house offers a book that English reviewers found scholarly and balanced, *The Vatican in the Age of the Dictators (1922-1945)* by Anthony Rhodes ($10).

■ PAPERBACKS: Murray Teigh Bloom's *Rogues to Riches* recounts tales of Wall Street wizardry (Warner, Dec., $1.50). . . . *Gerald Ford: Selected Speeches* proves timely (R. W. Beatty—apparently a private publisher in Virginia—Nov., $1.50).

FICTION

Temporary Kings
By Anthony Powell
Little, Brown, 280 pp., $6.95

DANCING IN THE DARK

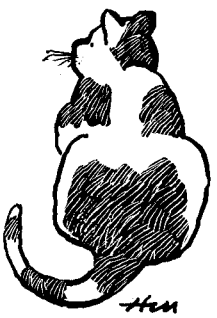
RONALD DE FEO

Over the summer I read, for reasons not entirely clear to me now, all the volumes that Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time* then comprised. As a result, the summer of '73 will go down in my life as one of the longest I have ever spent. Fortunately, I emerged from that interminable period a wiser man: It is better to feel guilty about dropping a ponderous novel or series of novels in midcourse than to preserve a clear conscience by struggling through it.

In trying to understand what it is that readers and critics alike find so captivating and remarkable about Powell's series, I turned to Robert K. Morris' study *The Novels of Anthony Powell* (University of Pittsburgh Press), and came upon this unexpected admission: "[*The Music of Time* is] a massive work forwarding no philosophy, forcing no aesthetic, fostering no strict ideologies, attempting no moral." Just when I thought that Professor Morris had made a real and intelligent contribution to Powell criticism by implying that the series had no overall purpose, no significant sustaining idea, he went on to defend it in laudatory terms, pointing to its complex structure, rich characterizations, and perceptive observations. The case Professor Morris tries to make for *The Music of Time* seems overblown and incredible because it deals so seriously with an occasionally diverting, but more often than not tedious, minor work of limited scope and invention. To analyze the musical structure

The excellent photographs included in the volume show the metamorphosis of a rather ordinary looking young man into a bloated misanthrope bearing an alarming resemblance to the late W. C. Fields. Only the wide-eyed stare, capable of seeing and distilling so much, remains the same from beginning to end, though latterly tending to be more of a glare than a stare.

I found the chapter on Waugh's religion, written by the renowned Father Martin D'Arcy S.J., somewhat disappointing in its rather hollow attempt to convince us that Evelyn Waugh, Catholic, was much of an improvement over Evelyn Waugh, fallen Anglican. His spiritual mentor writes of Waugh less as a man saved than as an odd but valuable trophy bagged. Fortunately, Waugh himself wrote with convincing fervor (and great lucidity) of his faith in a way that leaves no doubt as to his sincerity.



Many who knew him remained skeptical. One of them, after a particularly vicious verbal swipe, asked a witness, "Have you ever noticed that it is always the people who are most religious who are the most mean and cruel?" Waugh's response was simply that his victim had no way of knowing how much worse he might behave if he were not religious. There is more than a grain of truth to the observation. Waugh had a deep perception of the evil side of human nature. He detested it in others and in himself. This hatred made him rather savage in dealing with almost everything that was mortal—that is to say, flawed.

MORE than any other major novelist of the first half of the century, he recognized the cruelty and vulgarity of the increasingly totalitarian modern age. Some might argue that it was the vulgarity rather than the cruelty to which he really objected, but in attacking it, and in his successful search for a spiritual value higher than the things of this sorry world, Evelyn Waugh proved himself an honest if not a particularly nice man, and a writer of genius. □

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of a work composed mainly of trivial, unamusing, and pointless cocktail-party chatter is a wildly imaginative but totally misguided feat of creative criticism.

Temporary Kings is the eleventh volume in the projected twelve-book series, and it seems like one of the "better," more "serious" volumes chiefly because Powell disposes of a number of his characters and refers to others who have already passed on. Death haunts the book and gives it an illusion of poignancy and importance. An "illusion" because though we may be struck by the characters' final exits, we realize that we are mourning a collection of two-dimensional bores.

A sense of tension and finality, absent from the other volumes, is, at least in part, present here. For although the narrator, Nick Jenkins, does as usual make a few new acquaintances (this time while attending a literary conference in Venice), his old clique has been and will be thinned considerably. Jenkins' world is narrowing, as is his life span, as is the life span of Powell's series itself. Death, as far as I'm concerned, has been a blessing in this case. One of the final images in the new novel is striking and lovely, in a ghostlike way: Vintage cars filled with characters old and new, representatives of the past and present, roll past Jenkins one gloomy, melancholy day.

STILL, Powell tends to ramble on in this novel, intent as before upon recording his forever floating cocktail party. The gossip, although more sexually explicit, is as petty as ever. I have long since given up trying to figure out who has slept or is sleeping with whom. As usual, Widmerpoole, supposedly one of Powell's great comic creations, makes his inevitable "surprise" appearances. Characters again chat about his wife's predictably unpredictable love affairs. (Pamela *is* a bitch, but do we need reams of testimony to support the fact?) Again, a few new characters are tossed in to shift the focus of the gossip for awhile. And again we wonder what Powell is trying to accomplish, other than to create a work that exists merely for the sake of existing, and why he needs so much space to say so very little.

I hate to be so hard on Mr. Powell for I do rather like his early works (particularly *From a View to a Death*) and admire his biography of his literary hero, John Aubrey. He is obviously an intelligent, sophisticated, and learned man. Perhaps to be entirely fair to his series we must accept it on its own rather limited terms and then admit that what it does it does well enough. But too often while reading *A Dance to the Music of Time* we question whether what it does was really worth doing at all. □

Theophilus North
By Thornton Wilder
Harper, 374 pp., $7.95

NEWPORT REDIVIVUS

GEOFFREY WAGNER

This wonderfully entertaining novel is really several novels. Theophilus ("Teddy") North, an erudite graduate of Yale 1920, lands up in Newport some years later and makes himself "available for reading aloud" in various languages to the scions of rich families while himself living in the Y. His own position in such households is what, in England, we used to call "below the salt" (above the servants but beneath the owners). The book concludes with a fantastic "Servants' Ball" to which he doesn't go. The period is perfect—petticoats rustle, gramophones play, behind motoring veils old ladies look on disapprovingly from electric phaetons. Nearly all the characters, including an Eton-educated Austrian baron who ends up with a Mrs. Persis Tennyson, are richly human, which is to say totally lovable, while the girls are positively Tolstoyan. The writing, most of it in dialogue, is supple, civilized, radiant with wisdom. It is an irresistible book.

Wilder's Theophilus turns out to be all things to all people, a spirit of Good. He makes people whole. He is also, on the side, a democratizing force. Busily bicycling from his job as tennis coach to that of reader in grave mansions he solves a would-be elopement; exorcises the "malediction" on a leading residence; saves an old man of splendid eccentricity from predatory inheritors, an ex-air ace from an overweening wife, a youth from forgers, a teenage boy from sexual inhibitions provoking snobbery; teaches a husband to "learn to accept love" (via Shakespeare); and so on. All these episodes are written with enormous urbanity and wide cultural reference. They are also very funny.

My favorites were "Nine Gables," in which Theophilus masterminds the discomfiture of relatives waiting for a truly charming, and erudite, old man to die; "Mino," concerning the unlocking of life for an Italian boy who has no feet, the nearest to tragic of all these tales; and "Alice," a touching anecdote about a very limited sailor's wife who wants a child (Theophilus gives her one), a character hard to animate since so colorless on the surface—Wilder sees below. On the other hand, "The Fenwicks," about the unblocking of inhibitions in a Catholic boy, is perhaps a shade saccharine thanks, chiefly, to its disgracefully adorable teenage heroine. Yet psychologically it is a *tour de force*. Perhaps, too, the overall structure of nine "cities" (states of mind) existing in Newport as in Troy is a trifle superfluous, meaning more to the author than to the reader. But this is a superb achievement.

ITS sunny disposition at the close of a long and distinguished career can only be matched, of late, by Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull*. There is the same delight in deception in both; Theophilus says, "There were tears in my eyes. I am never so happy as when I'm inventing." Granville Hicks has suggested that Theophilus is really Christ. This seems to me a vulgarization stemming from that kind of symbol-hunting criticism in which everything is invariably what it was *not* for the author. Wilder is simply not writing this kind of fiction. Theophilus is what he is, a very real person mounted on a bicycle in a real city, both a sinner and a saint of sorts. The whole point of one section at the end, in which he is taken as some sort of absurd faith-healer, is to show that only God can perform miracles, not man. In any event, to be able to write a book as genial as this, and one as wholly unassuming, at close on eighty years of age is itself a testimony to the human race. I was extremely sorry to put it down. □

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HAZELTON

(Continued from page 1363)

firemen to leave us to get food for themselves, I made several shopping trips, stocking up on solid stuff like pasta, ham, wine, and cheese. They were nice young men, used to a simple life, and they were perfectly happy to camp outside at night. What I remember of the two nights the fire was coming nearer is an overwhelming desire to sleep, which I did only in catnaps. I also had an opportunity, such as is given to few people indeed, to find out where I differed from Nero: He fiddled during the nights Rome burned, I made coffee during the nights the woods of Cesa burned.

Finally the fire near us had apparently died out, leaving behind a sight that made me cry. The firemen left and I took a bath, as did my daughter-in-law and grandson, who were staying with me. This was in the morning. But by noon, an invisible fire on another part of the property crept out from its cover of the ashes of the burnt-out forest and destroyed ten young cypress trees, eight olive trees, and half a dozen fruit trees. Two firemen came to help when my tears detached them from the neighboring farm where half a dozen enormous haystacks and several fields of very dry sunflowers (grown for their seeds, which make oil) were in danger of going up in flames.

The local population takes these fires with astonishing calm, cursing the arsonists and the devastation, but not banding together as volunteer firemen. To comfort me in my desolation, I was told that now at least I could be sure not to have a fire for five years or so, since it takes that long for the brush to come up again for more burning.

But the charm of the countryside, which has been used for civilized living since the days of the Etruscans, the brilliant blue skies, the mountains with what's left of oak, chestnut, and pine forests, the nearby hill towns, and the kindness of the local people make it all worth while, along with, last but not least, the abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables and honest wine that taste as the Lord meant them to. □

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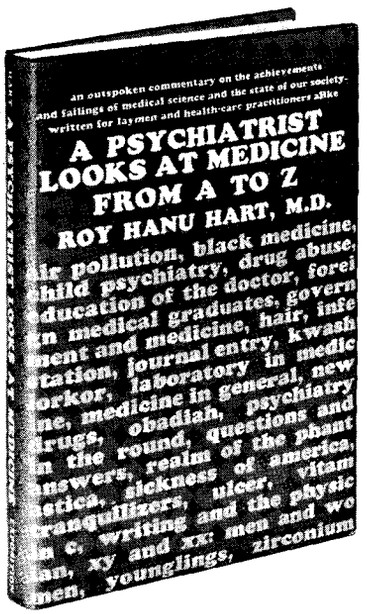
A Psychiatrist Looks at Medicine: From A to Z by Roy Hanu Hart, M.D.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"A shift to government and medicine, a few words on the disease kwashiorkor, impressions on laboratory medicine (physicians expect the lab to perform miracles), reminders to the physician that often the patient gives the physician the diagnosis, if only the doctor is tuned in to the history. Some rubrics follow: 'It isn't always the sickest member of the family who is hospitalized . . . often in a sick family as one member gets better another becomes sicker.' A simple but penetrating rubric: 'It is never the illness but always the patient that has to be treated. 'The psychiatric exam should alert the physician to the whole person and not merely the sick organ.

"I failed to mention that Dr. Hart has his topics organized in alphabetical order, from A through Z, a physician-writer's tour de force. And now we are taken to far off China. Here we learn that the Chinese have wiped out V.D., drug addiction, alcoholism, and crime. In the section dealing with 'Man's Search for Meaning,' we are reminded that the primary motivational force for man is to find a meaning in one's existence. As I said, Dr. Hart covers a lot of ground, now touching on our youth and the breakdown of family life: 'They are going to clean up the world by not bathing,' he writes in one place. He ends with zirconium's uses in medicine, followed by a touching, brief prayer from out of his past, which is linked spiritually with the dedicatory passage at the beginning.

"Dr. Hart in his book urges us to study ecology. My advice to you, Dr. Hart, is to keep writing. You breathe humanity back into medicine with the stroke of your pen and you inform us all."

NATHANIEL SHAFER, M.D.,
Contributing Editor,
"Medical Counterpoint"

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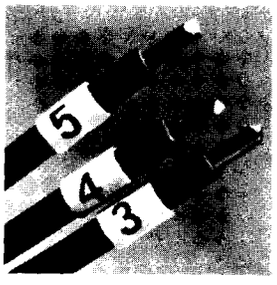

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REAGAN

(Continued from page 1360)

tee, even though constitutional amendments are routinely offered each year and just as routinely put on the ballot. The legislators who fought Proposition #1 could not find time last spring to hold extensive public hearings on the measure. But in the final weeks of the campaign to put the initiative on the ballot, almost every major legislative committee held special hearings to generate publicity for attacks against it.

Because the legislature refused to vote on it, we were forced to gather more than half a million signatures to place it on the ballot. This consumed a great deal of time and part of the financial support we were able to muster in support of the plan.

Yet this part of the campaign made the whole effort worth while. Before the initiative qualified, the Democratic majority had refused to consider returning the $800 million surplus to the taxpayers. But once the people put it on the ballot, our opponents, anxious to make it as financially unattractive as possible, offered a compromise which would return the surplus by a one-time 20 to 35 per cent income tax rebate and suspension of a penny on the sales tax for six months.

Was it politically unwise to accept this? Should we have let the surplus pile up in the treasury and thus enhance the prospects of passing Proposition #1? We considered those arguments and rejected them because our purpose has always been to reduce taxes, not to play political games. The sales tax has gone down one cent for six months, the income tax is eliminated entirely for 1973 for those families earning $8,000 a year or less, and everyone else will receive a 1973 rebate of 20 to 35 per cent.

Qualifying Proposition #1 for the ballot accomplished part of our purpose by forcing the legislature to return the surplus. But the longer-term, permanent tax reduction remains an elusive goal. Naturally, I am disappointed.

It was and is a daring idea and I do not regret the exercise. It served a positive purpose. As a result of the battle waged in California, people all over America have been alerted to the staggering burden which taxes impose on our economy and on every family in this country.

The people did not reject the idea of reducing taxes or limiting the size and cost of government to a reasonable lev-

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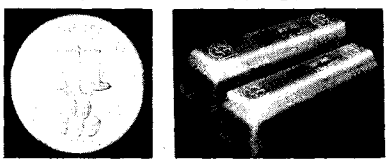

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el. They endorsed lower taxes in elections throughout the country, including the confused vote on Proposition #1.

Perhaps we could and should have done more to draw the basic philosophical issues more clearly, to expose the distracting, irrelevant, and confusing play on human fears that was so effectively exploited by the opponents. We've learned again how powerful an array of forces there is at work in America to expand government, to maintain government's unlimited power to tax the people. These forces have seldom been defeated in the past forty years. Because they have prevailed, taxes now cost the typical family more than it spends for food, shelter, and clothing combined. A free economy cannot survive that kind of tax burden indefinitely.

More than a century ago, the French philosopher Frédéric Bastiat wrote: "The state, too, is subject to the Malthusian Law. It tends to expand in proportion to its means of existence and to live beyond its means, and these are, in the last analysis, nothing but the substance of the people. Woe to the people that cannot limit the sphere of action of the state: Freedom, private enterprise, wealth, happiness, independence, personal dignity, all vanish."

That is what will inevitably happen in America unless we act to curb the excessive spending of government. This cannot be done simply by changing the law. The national debt limit was supposed to check deficit financing. But it has been temporarily or permanently increased by changing the law two dozen times in the past twelve years alone.

Only the people, through a constitutional amendment or some other failsafe method, can limit government's excesses. That's what we tried unsuccessfully to do with Proposition #1 at the state level.

The basic issue remains unchanged. The idea of lower taxes did not fail. There will be other elections, other days. We have suffered a setback. We have lost a battle, but this struggle will go on.

The people will find a way to bring big government under control, to put a reasonable limit on how much of their income government may take in taxes. This idea will become a reality. It must prevail because if it does not, the free society we have known for two hundred years, the ideal of a government by consent of the governed, will simply cease to exist. ☐

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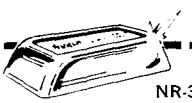

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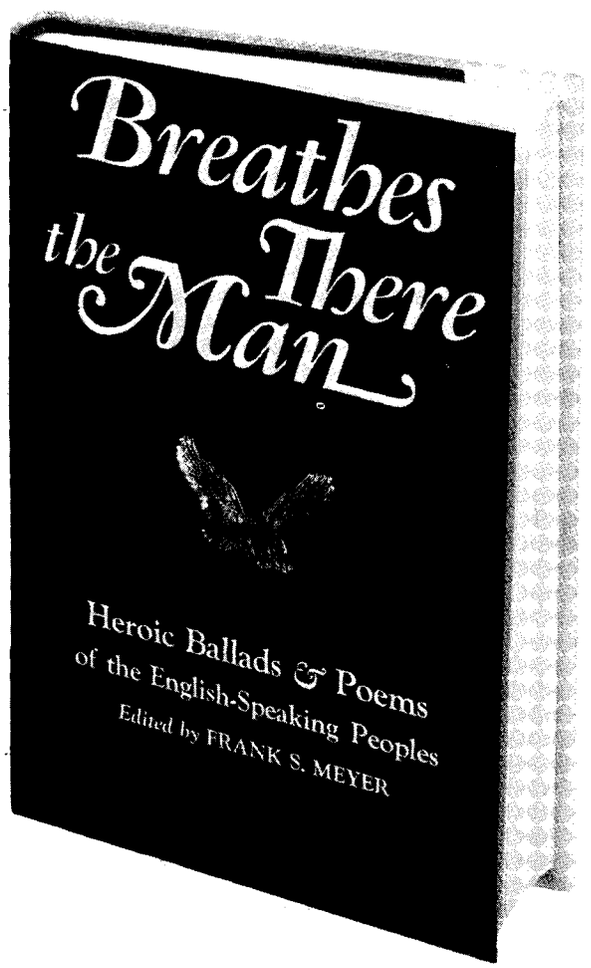

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Uses of Blackmail

On The Right

New York, Nov. 14—It is said, here and there openly but for the most part in whispers, that the disadvantages of our Mideast position are gravely damaging to us and that, as the results of the oil embargo begin to hit us, the public will rise in wrath against the foreign policy that brought it all on. And what—they say—of our allies? How can we justify what we are doing to them? What will be the cost to us of the loss of their friendship?

In that reasoning, it would appear to me, is implicit much of the weakness of the American position over the past years. It is a weakness that shows up in the defensive character not only of our deeds, but of our attitudes.

Begin, for instance, with the matter of our allies in Western Europe. Why do we think of them as our allies, when it is more accurate to think of ourselves as their ally? A learned strategist recently asked, "What has Israel ever done for us?" Posed just that way, it is hard to come up with the name of a single nation in Western Europe that has "done anything for us" in this century. Consider England—long may she wave, and while I am at it I wish Princess Anne great happiness—what has she done for the United States? The question is historically naive. The most obvious favor done in this century by one great country for another is the intercession by the United States in the Second World War, without which intercession Hitler would probably be giving away the bride at Westminster Abbey. Yet that intercession is also explainable in terms of self-interest: The prospect of a Hitler-dominated Europe was frightening to us.

But in the current situation, our allies, as we call them, surely need the United States more than the United States needs them? They need our investments, our products, our tourists, our navy, and above all our nuclear umbrella. Western Europe, as it happens, is far gone in the enchantments of what its leaders are pleased to call practical diplomacy. "Even if Russia were presided over by Stalin, I would seek Ostpolitik," Willy Brandt is quoted as saying, exaltedly. Detente is pleasing to the Europeans, whose concerns these days are primarily economic; and it is not plain how they would inconvenience themselves merely in order to accommodate the United States.

The Arab powers, however, are punishing Western Europe for America's role in the Mideast as principal supplier to Israel, the perennial target of a military machine deployed by the Soviet Union in the Arab world. Everyone seeks nowadays to impose pressure through intermediaries. The question arises why the intermediaries do not assert themselves. It mystifies me that Western Europe should think of itself as defenseless against the Arabs' use of blackmail.

To deprive a country of that which it absolutely needs in order to survive is quite simply an act of war. It is both a moral question and a legal question whether the Arab embargo has quite yet reached the point of asphyxiation that warrants belligerent reprisals. But the talk is that it is headed toward that, and the question arises: Why should Western Europe tolerate it?

THE MOST extreme response, to which in plain fact the Europeans would be driven, is: war against the oil producing states. If an abundance of oil can unite Syria and Saudi Arabia, the lack of oil can unite Italy and Scandinavia. A military expedition aimed not at taking over Arab territory, but at forcing the Arabs to export their oil at the market price, would be justified, under extreme circumstances, by the law of nations. But there are lesser sanctions, and it is not too early to talk about them. I mean a total embargo. No food to Arab ports, no automobiles, no manufactured goods, no tourists, no airplanes. Let the Arabs attempt, for a couple of months, to get from the Soviet Union what they now import from the United States and Western Europe. The Soviet Union doesn't have enough surplus to export to Greater Moscow, let alone to one hundred million Arabs.

These are unpleasant thoughts, and unpleasant recourses. But why must we be so defensive in our reflexes? The United States is determined to assure the survival of the state of Israel—reduced in size, to be sure, from its bloated postwar dimensions. There are strategic and moral reasons for our decision, and no need to swerve from it under the intimidation of a boycott which could be made to hurt the aggressor far more than the intended victims. □

THE KIND OF THING NIXON IS TALKING ABOUT

New York, Nov. 16—I do not think the press is "distorted" or "vicious" in any categorical sense, but I do think there is a tendency in the press to magnify and thus distort: and unquestionably Mr. Nixon is frequently the victim of that kind of thing. Permit me to recount a personal experience.

Ten days ago I spoke at Kansas State University. In response to the question, what did I think the future held out for Mr. Nixon, I replied that the odds had now in my opinion changed, favoring the possibility of resignation.

The next day I met happily with Senator Goldwater at the annual meeting of a foundation of which he and I and a few other tigers (including Senators Tower, Thurmond, and Lausche) are trustees. After the meeting was over, Senator Goldwater and I drove to the airport together and, awaiting our flights, chatted together at the coffee shop. A moment or two later a gentleman materialized who identified himself as being from the local CBS. He desired us to perform before his camera crew respecting Mr. Nixon and Watergate. We declined—ever so politely, and ever so firmly. Presently we got up, passed the camera crew and the indomitable reporter, saying, amiably, not a word.

The following morning, front page, *New York Times*: "Newsmen in Wichita, Kansas reported seeing Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona and William F. Buckley Jr., the conservative columnist, in 'deep discussion' at the airport there today. Mr. Buckley spoke last night at Kansas State University where he said that he believed Mr. Nixon would resign because of the Wa-

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tergate scandal at the urging of Mr. Goldwater and other friends. Mr. Buckley and Mr. Goldwater were quoted by the Associated Press as saying they expected a startling development in the Watergate affair in the next few days."

In due course I received a telephone call from the *New York Times*, wanting to know more about the sensational development I had predicted. I replied that I knew of no sensational development, had predicted no such thing, nor had Senator Goldwater in my presence. On the matter of resignation, I explained that to say the odds favor resignation is different from predicting resignation. To say the odds favor rain tomorrow is not to predict rain tomorrow. These nice distinctions were not reported back to the readers of the *New York Times*. Perhaps the distinctions are too nice. Professor Hugh Kenner has recorded that a newspaper is a "low definitional medium," and that it is unsafe to attempt in it a thought the accuracy of which depends on the correct placement of a comma.

Now, a week having gone by, I am receiving mail from all over the world, asking when would the news come out of the "startling development" that brought Senator Goldwater and me to make a "secret rendezvous in Wichita, Kansas" for the purpose of discussing the "mechanics of President Nixon's resignation."

In the first place, insofar as it concerns me, it is mysteriously flattering. I have no delusions about my own power to bring Mr. Nixon down. Who do they think I am? John Dean III?

In the second place, though at this point several newspapers have received from my own mouth the news that I made no prediction about any Watergate development, I have yet to see a single reference to said correction. This is the kind of thing Mr. Nixon is complaining about, if you see what I mean. □

BREAKDOWN IN NYC

New York, Nov. 20 — The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, in a saucy editorial entitled "The Planet of the Tapes," made light of the *New York Times'* ponderous concern over cosmic difficulties, suggesting that there was plenty going on in New York to inveigh against. Indeed that is the case, and the news is not merely infuriating, but deeply sad.

Last week in New York the firemen actually struck—literally refused to come to work. Oh yes, there was a complaint, and I do not pass judgment on it: Let us assume that the firemen were indisputably correct, measured by any standard, in their demands against those who were negotiating in behalf of the city. Still, they went on strike. It lasted only a few hours, as it happened, and during those few hours amateur city officials wrestled with a few fires—and the city capitulated.

It is not expected that any judgment by the courts will cost the firemen a nickel. Meanwhile, having struck for the first time in history, they discovered the joyous leverage exercised by the striker critically situated. It is nothing less than life and death that he has the power over. It makes no difference that the strike is illegal. It makes no difference that firemen, like policemen, are required to take a pledge upon entering the service that they will not strike under any circumstances.

Meanwhile, a strike had begun against the city's hospitals. Twelve years ago the hospitals were organized. The unionization of hospital workers had been proscribed by law, but under the pressure of a strike, the law was changed to permit the hospitals to organize. As a condition of unionization, it was written into the contract that no strikes would be resorted to under any circumstances. Like the firemen, the hospital workers struck without consideration of the word they had given, and the story unfolds.

At Lenox Hill Hospital—I cite it as presumably typical—the mood is fiercely ugly. Having begun by defying the substantive law, the strikers proceeded to defy the procedural law; pickets surrounded the hospital so tightly as effectively to bar access to the hospital to anyone not protected by a phalanx of policemen. And the police are acting with great discretion. They appear in force only when the time comes to move through a supply truck with food and medical supplies for the six hundred patients at Lenox Hill. The police do not bestir themselves to protect individuals who seek to walk through the picket lines, and the two ambulances of the hospital are immobilized.

The reason for the special tension is racial. The strikers are predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican, and the picketing force is strongly augmented by what would appear to be free lance toughs who specialize in the creation of racial odium. Ironically, there are no economic differences between the hospitals and the strikers. The strikers want a 7.5 per cent raise, and the hospitals are willing to give it. But the Cost of Living Council has ruled that hospitals may not break away from the national pattern of 5.5 per cent maintained under Phase IV of Mr. Nixon's wretched price control program. The hospital's management cannot risk defying the federal regulation. To do so, for Lenox Hill, would be to risk up to $4 million in fines.

Meanwhile—an excruciating irony—the strikers are being paid their salary. The management of Lenox Hill reasons that under the contract it is nowhere specified that for failure to report to duty because of a strike, the workers forfeit the two weeks' pay they are entitled to for failure to report to duty on account of sickness or family emergency or whatever. Since strikes are prohibited, the contract for obvious reasons makes no mention of them: That much is logical.

Thus does it go in New York City these days. It is at such a moment as this that one truly wonders whether American society has reached that point of self-contempt that argues against the possibility of freedom surviving. That there are grown men willing if necessary to let women and children go up in smoke rather than help them; or sick people die for lack of medication rather than let the supplies go through. That there are men who call themselves public officials and fail to rouse the city to resonant, conclusive protest. These are the acid moments of democratic life in America when you find yourself thinking: Whatever happens to us, we cannot, in good conscience, ask the help of Providence. We are not entitled to it. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the parts of speech — 42 191 137 153 9 5 51 24 184

B. A type of desk — 49 81 105 133 175 167 83

C. Physical strength — 58 4 7 149 125

D. OH ALFALFA (anagram) — 110 117 134 40 84 156 173 164 127

E. The right to enjoy something — 138 57 72 166 101 178 158 89

F. Extension of a magazine subscription — 155 106 92 189 112 135 118

G. Depending on public confidence for value or currency, as fiat money — 165 196 146 59 172 44 159 95 14

H. Inflammation of part of the shoulder or elbow — 185 119 63 148 68 111 96 139

I. Fish or chicken with certain parts not removed is said to be: — 30 39 60 71 78 87 20

J. English painter (1734-1802), first name George — 73 27 86 161 15 157

K. A paragon — 88 29 19 179 99 186 151 6

L. Spray swept by a violent wind along the sea's surface — 93 47 25 22 187 168 108 193 69

M. Object used in a popular game, usually indoors — 104 12 34 41 54 64 183 141 154 32 76

N. Not individually apportioned — 147 11 131 144 198 3 28 35 74 98 100 115 169

O. Hall where Wackford Squeers presided — 114 10 36 70 80 61 97 33 50

P. According to Ruskin, "The practical teaching of the masters of Art was summed up by the O of____." — 23 38 62 140 170 102

Q. A good place to swap stock — 130 16 195 143 120 174 188 48

R. SIT IN TWICE (anagram) — 163 1 21 46 79 91 109 122 150 31

S. Replanting flowers — 182 8 17 45 121 128 194 177 56

T. Years between Declaration of Independence and Battle of Gettysburg — 192 2 26 37 43 66 90 94 116 142 160

U. Unwise — 82 123 171 65 176 52 129

V. City in Minnesota, near Rochester — 113 67 181 53 132 124 145 75

W. A type of bed — 136 126 152 180 77 107 18 85

X. The flesh of sheep, used as food — 13 103 190 197 162 55

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1372 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 R	2 T	3 N	4 C	■	5 A	6 K	7 C	■	8 S	9 A	10 O	11 N	12 M	13 X	14 G	■
15 J	16 Q	17 S	18 W	19 K	20 I	21 R	22 L	23 P	■	24 A	25 L	26 T	27 J	28 N	29 K	30 I	31 K
32 M	33 O	■	34 M	35 N	36 O	37 T	■	38 P	39 I	40 D	41 M	42 A	43 T	44 G	45 S	46 R	■
47 L	48 Q	49 B	50 O	51 A	52 U	53 V	54 M	55 X	56 S	■	57 E	58 C	59 G	60 I	61 O	62 P	63 H
64 M	65 U	66 T	■	67 V	68 H	69 L	70 O	■	71 I	72 E	73 J	■	74 N	75 V	76 M	77 W	78 I
79 R	80 O	■	81 B	82 U	■	83 B	84 D	85 W	86 J	87 I	88 K	89 E	90 T	■	91 R	92 F	■
93 L	94 T	95 G	96 H	97 O	98 N	99 K	■	100N	101E	102P	103X	104M	105B	106F	■	107W	108L
109R	110D	■	111H	112F	113V	■	114O	115N	116T	117D	118F	119H	120Q	121S	122R	123U	124V
125C	■	126W	127D	■	128S	129U	130Q	■	131N	132V	133B	134D	135F	136W	■	137A	138E
139H	140P	■	141M	142T	143Q	144N	145V	146G	■	147N	148H	■	149C	150R	■	151K	152W
153A	154M	155F	156D	157J	■	158E	159G	160T	161J	162X	163R	■	164D	165G	166E	167B	168L
169N	■	170P	171U	■	172G	173D	174Q	175B	176U	177S	178E	179K	■	180W	181V	182S	183M
184A	■	185H	186K	187L	188Q	189F	190X	■	191A	192T	193L	194S	195Q	196G	197X	198N	■

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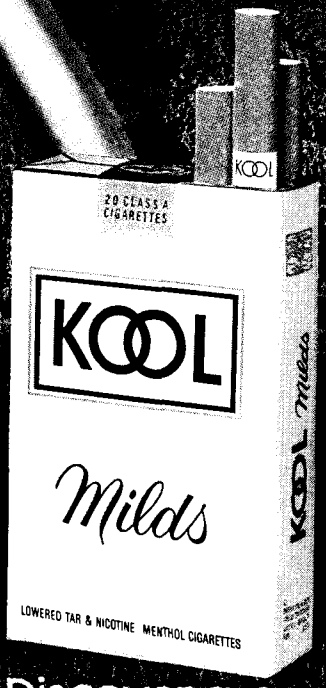

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

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